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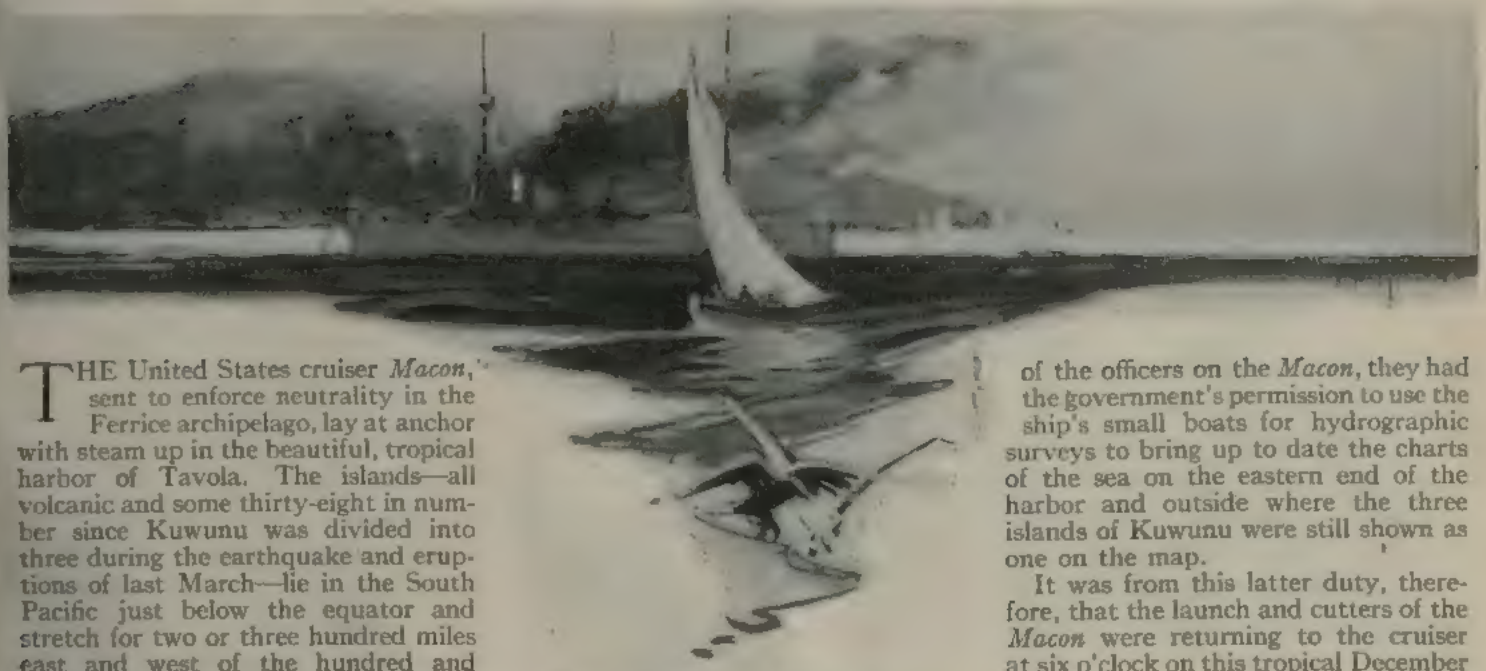
Neutrality



By Edwin Balmer

Author of "Via Wireless," "Wild Goose Chase," etc.

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant

THE United States cruiser *Macon*, sent to enforce neutrality in the Ferrice archipelago, lay at anchor with steam up in the beautiful, tropical harbor of Tavola. The islands—all volcanic and some thirty-eight in number since Kuwunu was divided into three during the earthquake and eruptions of last March—lie in the South Pacific just below the equator and stretch for two or three hundred miles east and west of the hundred and eightieth parallel. As the original thirty-six all belonged to Spain before '98, they are all American territory now; so Barrows, the commander of the *Macon*, was theoretically responsible for neutrality throughout the group.

Practically, however, he concerned himself chiefly with Tavola. That fair, green island with high, palm grown craters, possessed not only the largest settlement but the sole safe harbor; there was the coaling station, the cable relay on the line to San Francisco, and the great radio installation which could talk direct to the American naval wireless stations both at Guam and Honolulu. Tavola was the point of complaint entered by the English government in the early weeks of the war; it was at Tavola, according to the claim, that the German commerce destroyer *Dnesau* twice put in and twice received coal to bunker capacity against the laws of neutrality; also it was from Tavola, if the British information was correct, that the *Dnesau* was kept informed by wireless of the whereabouts of British ships. So to Tavola the *Macon* was sent to see that thereafter when any war vessel of a belligerent power put into the harbor either it left in twenty-four hours or disarmed and remained until the end of the war, and that, under no circumstances, should unauthorized aid or information be given. And if these duties did not occupy the entire time of the officers on the *Macon*, they had the government's permission to use the ship's small boats for hydrographic surveys to bring up to date the charts of the sea on the eastern end of the harbor and outside where the three islands of Kuwunu were still shown as one on the map.

It was from this latter duty, therefore, that the launch and cutters of the *Macon* were returning to the cruiser at six o'clock on this tropical December evening. As the small boats came close, the men at the oars engaged in impromptu races to the side of the ship; and this evening, boat number 4 again won, as was most fitting. For that was young Lieutenant Sheridan's boat; he had been married just before the war had sent the *Macon* away from the States; and now his young bride had followed him to Tavola; he had a cottage for her on the edge of the beach and he could go ashore to her when his day's work was done.

He sprang cheerfully up to the deck as his boat touched the cruiser's side.

"'Lo, Tommy!" his friend Danbridge, who had been officer of the deck, hailed as he came off watch. "Heard it?"

"What?"

"*Argyle's* sighted somewhere beyond Ferona; putting in here."

Sheridan nodded. "All right. You got anything else; go on."

"The *Sharnheim* didn't go away; she's been lying all day on the other side of Kuwunu."

"What?" Sheridan started.

"That's it."

"You know it?"

"Brent saw her there." Brent was the officer whose work that day had taken him furthest down the deserted shores of Kuwunu.

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"There's no way for the *Argyle* to know?"

"How?" Danbridge demanded, "if we don't tip it to them, and how can we?"

Sheridan flushed and swore, "But damn it, that won't be a fight, the *Argyle* against the *Sharnheim*. Hell, Dan, if they were Malay pirates on the *Argyle*, we shouldn't be made to let them walk into that."

"Of course they can give up when they see the *Sharnheim*."

"Talk sense," Sheridan retorted sharply.

"Well, suppose we might tip it to the *Argyle*, how are we going to do it?" Danbridge returned. "Radio is the only way to reach them. The *Sharnheim* would get that too. We can't do anything."

"Then what'd you tell me about it for?" Sheridan jerked away. He filed his surveys and records for the day. He found the commander and confirmed his leave to go ashore that evening, but was told to be alert for a signal of recall. He went over the side and, with his men wondering at his sudden glumness, he was rowed to the shore.

Two graceful, girlish figures stood in front of a little, white coral rock cottage on the edge of the green above the sand; one was his wife, Helen, the other was her sister, Eileen Alden, who had made the long voyage to Tavola to be with Helen when the *Macon* must be away. That was the given reason; but the news that the English cruiser, *Argyle*, was detailed for duty in that particular part of the Pacific, certainly had not acted as a deterrent. For young Heath Gordon was sub-lieutenant on that vessel; and as Sheridan thought of him now and as he saw Eileen laughing as she raced Helen to the beach, he winced.

He leaped upon his tiny pier and the boatswain, touching his cap, turned the boat to the ship. Sheridan seized the hand of his wife and one of Eileen's as the girls came up bright-eyed and breathless. He was young and his bride was younger and her sister was a girl barely twenty, and all of them exultant with the goodness of life and love. The moment was one of perfect peace, quiet and content; the sun was ruddy and low, and beyond the coral quays which formed the harbor, the surf rushed in blood-red as it caught the rays. Sheridan stared out to sea, speechless for a moment as he clasped his wife's hand and her sister's; then he led them up to the house where Eileen left him and Helen alone while she went to see that Kanava, their native man, brought the supper table outside this evening and spread it under the palms. If Tavola was uncertain or capricious from year to year as to coast line and to channel depths, at least it boasted no mosquitoes.

"What's the matter, dearest?" Helen demanded with lover's anxiety, as in their room, Tom picked her up and kissed her.

"Sorry; it's nothing, sweet; beastly hot to-day."

But at the table under the palms, he was forced to give more explanation.

"Giddings got on my nerves again to-day."

"How, dear?" Giddings was the young ensign working on the coast survey in the boat beyond Sheridan's. He was the dunce among the commissioned men.

"How? What do you s'pose I found that idiot doing to-day? And he's been doing it all week too; I just discovered it to-day."

"What, dear?"

"You know how you work hydro survey, Eileen? You spot a fixed point—or usually a couple of 'em—on the shore; a bit of prominent rock, a scar in the soil or, if you can't get anything else, a tree'll do. Fixed points, you understand, from which to relate soundings, distances and everything else. Giddings and I have been working along the north shore between here and Kuwunu, where the volcano apparently did its best last March. You know the channel in the south outside the harbor was worked up a long time ago; the surveys on it are published, but we're just beginning to find out what the bottom is on the north. Well, to-day my work ran to Giddings" and we couldn't match up and why do you suppose? One of his fixed points on the shore from which he's been surveying, was a cow; seriously, girls, a nice, white cow, wandering about the green hillside. Of course, Giddings didn't know it was a cow and he didn't pick it out when it was moving. He chose it from three or four miles off and thought it was a rock; probably she was lying still then and the mere matter of her wandering a few hundred yards now and then afterwards, didn't disturb him at all. You can figure the marvelous accuracy of his work, though."

FROM THE MOMENT SHE LEFT THE BAG NEAR THE CLOAK-ROOM DOOR, SHE LIVED ONLY FOR ELEVEN-THIRTY

Eileen was looking out to sea. "What ship is that coming in?"

A dark, grey silhouette—two bare masts, two funnels, a gun positioned on the deck forward, another gun with shielf on the lower deck aft—shot into sight. Sheridan looked at it and shifted his eyes toward the rugged, desolate edge of Kuwunu; but nothing emerged from behind the black rocks. He parted his lips, shut them again and then said quietly:

"That's the *Argyle*, Eileen."

"The *Argyle*?" The younger girl jumped up and stood beside the table, crumpling her napkin; she colored crimson as her sister spoke to her, quietly, teasingly, of Heath Gordon. Eileen turned to meet a comment from her brother-in-law; but Sheridan was silent as he watched the English ship steering into the harbor. Soon Eileen sat down and, in her own excitement, noticed nothing strange in her brother-in-law's manner; his wife did, but understood that he wished not to be questioned. When the native servant brought the coffee in little cups, the English ship was dropping her anchor and a boat was leaving her side. Sheridan looked again and again toward Kuwunu but nothing appeared. The boat from the *Argyle* touched the landing and three officers sprang upon the pier; two went away together toward the tiny town; the third turned to the house with the supper table under the trees.

Eileen leaped up and started toward the young officer; he snatched off his cap and came bareheaded and almost running. He was a fine-looking boy with light hair, good, direct eyes and lips that smiled easily.

"Eileen, you did come! Helen, how jolly you're here," he cried. "I say, Tommy, old fellow!"

Tommy tardily arose and extended his hand. "How are you, Heath?" he said a little hollowly. Gordon gazed at him with surprise.

"Tom," his wife reproached, "What's the matter with you? Why, we were just talking about Heath. What's happened? We think it's awfully lucky you happened in now, Heath."

"Yes," said Eileen. "I hope you haven't had supper, if you can have it here with us. Anyway, you'll have coffee, won't you?"

Gordon hesitated. "Of course I'm glad to see him," Tom replied to his wife. "Of course you'll have supper with us, Heath." And he looked again in the direction of Kuwunu and his breath drew in audibly. Eileen and Gordon followed his look. The last light of day lay on the sea and showed a great war vessel sending up streamers of smoke rushing out from behind Kuwunu.

"What ship is that?" Heath demanded of Tom. "You were looking for that? Is that one of your vessels?"

Sheridan shook his head.

"No?" Heath asked.

"No."

The Englishman stared again at the ship, "Then, what is it?"

"What? It's the *Sharnheim*, Heath."

"The *Sharnheim*!"

"Yes."

Heath stared at his host, "But Tommy, you were looking for it. You knew it was there."

"Yes; I knew it was there. It's been behind Kuwunu all day."

"Ah! Waiting for us?"

"Apparently," Sheridan muttered.

"What are you two talking about?" Eileen challenged with sudden terror. She had caught the tone of the question and answer but realized little. "What does the *Sharnheim* being out there now mean? Heath!" she caught his sleeve and demanded of him, "What will that do to you?"

"To me, Eileen?" He avoided answer.

"Tom, tell me."

"Why, it only means, dear," Helen replied when he could not, "that we can have Heath here at Tavola with us for a long time."

"How does it mean that?"

"The *Argyle* can't fight the *Sharnheim*. So you'll interne here and disarm and stay, won't you Heath?"

Young Gordon shifted his gaze to his vessel and saw that the officers on the bridge had sighted the German ship. He turned to the *Macon* and observed sailors bringing out bunting to the forward deck and others stringing rows of electric lights.

"What's going on aboard your ship, Tom, if I may ask it," Heath said.

"Getting ready for a dance. We were going to have Eileen and Helen and some of the port people and other ladies who are here."

AN HOUR LATER EILEEN WAS ROWED OUT TO THE MACON FOR THE DANCE—ROWED PAST THE SILENT MOTIONLESS FISHING VESSELS OF WHICH HEATH HAD SPOKEN

"I see," Heath nodded. He turned to Helen; he did not look at Eileen now at all. "I beg your pardon," he apologized. "You asked if we wouldn't disarm and interne rather than go out and fight the *Sharnheim*. Of course."

"You said that for me!" Eileen cried. Her sister put her hand over Eileen's, but the younger girl snatched hers away. "Don't, Helen. He knows he's not going to disarm. You know it; and I! He's going to fight. They're all going to fight! And you, Tom, you knew before the *Argyle* came in that the *Sharnheim* was hiding there; you knew it when you came ashore; that's what was the matter with you! And you let Heath come in and now you—and the rest of you," she motioned madly to the *Macon*, "are going to drive them out again to the *Sharnheim* to be killed!"

"Eileen!" Helen begged.

"I didn't know about the *Sharnheim* till too late to warn the *Argyle*—if I'd been allowed to do it," Sheridan defended. "The Germans did the decent thing; they let the *Argyle* in so we could disarm her and interne her."

"I see," Gordon acknowledged grimly. "Thanks awfully. Excuse me for a minute."

The two officers who had come ashore with Heath had returned to the pier where their boat waited. Gordon hurried down to them.

Eileen watched them for a moment and then faced her brother-in-law. "You've got to drive him out?"

"Before sunset, to-morrow—if they don't disarm."

"Disarm!" she mocked. Her eyes blazed with wild, unreasoning passion. "How I hate you! Tom, how I hate you!" She stared through the deepening twilight at the great German ship, swiftly steaming up before the harbor; its searchlights glared out in blinding paths of light thrown back and forth watching the way out from the neutral

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Seeing Ottawa and the Duke

By John F. Charteris

Illustrated by Vernon Howe Bailey

HIGH over the clutter of green-baize Ottawa desks, and the clamor of Ottawa graft-charges, and the titter of an irreverent press above the gallery clock, serenely removed from the ruck of mere lawmakers who represent the people, Canada has splashed in a broad gold frame, an inviolable office, the Governor-Generalship.

From time to time, the dim Majesty that rules across the vague Atlantic supplies a new face to fill the frame. Some of them fit. And some don't. Some lack the purple and fine linen ancestry to accord with six inches of solid gold border. And some, disliking the viceregal boundaries, have wished to descend and move about, frameless and untrammelled. It takes a big man to stay put.

But of all the Governor-Generals that have ever issued scarlet-clad from Rideau Hall, laid corner stones, unveiled monuments, led processions, made speeches and generally provided a cheer-leader with an opportunity to earn a livelihood, the Duke of Connaught has been the most satisfactory that the Dominion has ever owned. He is the King's uncle, and indeed he would have made a good king himself. And Canada would have been proud to form part of his domain.

ALOOF, EXCLUSIVE, HUNDRED-THOUSAND OTTAWA, WHICH IS THE CONSECRATED SANCTUARY OF VICE-ROYALTY AND SOCIAL OBSERVANCE

In the midst of His Royal Highness's Parliament-opening days two years ago, a newspaper friend of mine followed him on one of his unheralded and unattended strolls, in the splendor of an Ottawa morning.

"Nobody paid any attention to him," said my friend. "Probably a good many recognized him. But they know he doesn't like fuss. He walked on, block after block, interested, alert, enjoying the winter sunshine just as I was doing.

"Suddenly a day laborer with a pick over his shoulder came down a side-street. He had a package under his arm. At the corner, he met the Duke, stopped him and seemed to be enquiring the way to a post office where he could dispose of his parcel. If his informant had been plain Mister Connaught from Calgary, he wouldn't have been half so courteous as he was. He directed the Italian, smiled at him, and touched his hat. Oh no, the fellow didn't know to whom he was talking. But the Duke did. He knew he was a duke, and he acted like one."

Which is merely saying in another way, that our Governor-General is big enough to fill the frame and big enough to stay inside the frame. He knows he isn't the machinery of government, although his touch sets it going. And it's this consciousness of his limitations as well as of his powers that makes him as gracious to the pickhandle artist as he is to the railroad president; as satisfactory to the democratic country as he is to the aristocratic capital.

And in these last months of strain, who can tell how much of the throbbing desire to aid the Mother Country in her

THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE GREAT HOTEL BRINGS OUT FORCIBLY THIS STRANGE BLEND OF TWO SUPPOSEDLY IRRECONCILABLE TEMPERAMENTS

life-and-death struggle has been the outgrowth of that better understanding of England, that kindlier sympathy with her traditions, that sounder respect for her reigning family, that has come with the coming of our royal Governor-General?

Long ago, when it came to choosing a capital for the Dominion born July 1st, 1867, by the uniting of four provinces, the lot didn't fall on Montreal because Toronto wouldn't like it; and it didn't fall on Toronto because Montreal wouldn't like it. Winnipeg, Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver and the rest of the western cities, which have been so busy in recent years explaining their metropolitan charms to a slightly interested world, weren't on the map. And if they had been, there was no road to them. It was decided that Ottawa, which at that time was about half way across the good Dominion, should be the capital.

To be sure, Canada has since let out tucks and tucks on its western border, so that Ottawa is crowding close to the right-hand margin of the map—comparatively speaking. But no one who has seen the city among its beautiful hills, the grey bulk of the Parliament Buildings with the sweep of Parliament Hill in front and the sweep of sky behind, no one who has seen Gallic Jean Baptiste and Saxon Dickie Whittington arm in arm on its streets in the fraternal pursuit of politics, can think for a moment that it has been any great mistake of judgment to select Ottawa as the town to own the Governor-General's doorbell.

Everything in Ottawa, from the Governor-General's speech to the "Keep Off the Grass" signs is said twice—once in sober Anglo-Saxon, and once in that magical sister language that Laval and Pere Marquette and Joliet have forever linked with the English of Canada. Subtly it changes the whole face of the city, the whole undercurrent of its commerce, does this Gallic leaven, with its notions of entertainment, learning, patriotism, religion. For in Ottawa, French isn't merely the unsloughed language of the immigrant. It's the hearthstone and headstone speech of thirty thousand Gauls, stirred like yeast into the sponge of the capital.

The gesticulating market is part of it, and the daring of the gowns in the hotels. The little Sister with her black robes and silver cross is part of it, too—a bit of the Middle Ages pattering by under the big Chaudiere Falls electric lights to catch a P. A. Y. E. car. Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself is part of it, that picturesquely un-English figure, with his oratory, his courtesy, his diplomacy in victory, his shrug-shouldered Gallic philosophy in defeat. And this strange blend of two supposedly irreconcilable temperaments is Ottawa's own little piquancy, shared with no other capital on earth.

Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Vancouver, Calgary and their like are the towns where the money is made, where a "bill" means a meat bill or a board bill, and a "card" is a post-card, plain. But Ottawa, lovely and aloof on its hill above the river—little, exclusive, hundred-thousand Ottawa—is the consecrated sanctuary of vice-royalty and social observance, the tiny perfect theatre where, if you like such things, you can look in and see the jewelled wheels of court go round. In Ottawa, a "bill" doesn't come through the mail, but before the House. A "card" isn't mailed by a stenographer. It's received by a footman.

Politically, the Governor-General is only a potential

ANY ONE WHO HAS SEEN THE CITY WILL UNDERSTAND WHY IT WAS SELECTED TO OWN THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S DOORBELL

energy. Socially, his force is kinetic in the extreme. The debutante who has not been "presented" is no debutante at all. And until the war cloud slid down over Ottawa, turning the scarlet dress uniforms into active-service khaki, the North American continent had never before seen anything to parallel the Ottawa drawing rooms of the present regime. Other Governor Generals have been earls, like Lord Grey; or regal-by-marriage, like the Marquis of Lorne; but the social arbiter of Canada to-day is one denominated in every royal proclamation as:

"Our Most Dear and Entirely Beloved Uncle and Most Faithful Councillor, Field Marshal His Royal Highness Prince Arthur William Patrick Albert, Duke of Connaught, and of Strathearn, Earl of Sussex, Prince of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe-Cobourg and Gotha, Knight of Our Most Noble Order of the Thistle, Knight of Our Most Illustrious Order of St. Patrick, one of Our Most Honourable Privy Councillors, Great Master of Our Most Honourable Order of the Bath, Knight Grand Commander of Our Most Exalted Order of the Star of India, Knight Grand Cross of Our Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, Knight Commander of Our Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire, Knight Grand Cross of Our Royal Victorian Order, Our Personal Aide-de-Camp, Governor General and Commander in Chief of Our Dominion of Canada."

When the Governor-General is graciously about to allow the Canadian House of Commons to resume business, it doesn't much matter what the mere members do. Claribel Canadienne is a great deal more breathless about the function than Dick Canuck. Claribel takes the Parliamentary Guide in one hand and the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod's invitation in the other, and she speculates on how much father would really allow her for her dressmaker's bill. There must be four evening gowns—one for the Opening of the House, which is a dress function, although held in the afternoon; one for the State Reception which follows it on the evening of the same day; one for the Drawing Room on the Saturday after; and one for the State Ball. There must be furs—and a sleigh—

There is no sky in Ottawa in winter—just a crystal-clear, snow-cold, electrically-pulsing ether that begins at your overshoed feet and sweeps your eyes up to blinding, sun-filled infinities. The looming azure of the south takes your soul slowly. The sky-spaces of the north jerk the heart of you through your lips with the sheer splendor of their aliveness. The air quivers. The frost particles dance. You stand in the heart of a diamond.

If you were old, diseased, unfit, the morning would put its finger on the weak spot, clear to the bone. But since you have red blood in your veins and big hopes in your heart, the sting of the sky is perpetual wonderment, perpetual delight, perpetual challenge. The face of the day is like that of a fencing antagonist. *En garde*! it says to you in swift French—but behind it is no less the stern weight of the Saxon, the characteristic combination of Ottawa. Curiously enough, you meet that same combination in the architecture. Airily French, the Chateau Laurier towers above the picturesque locks of the Rideau Canal; sternly Gothic the pinnacles of the Parliament Buildings pierce the sky. It is Miltonic, as grim, as finely and puritanically chiselled. It sheers up into the sky like the battlements of the hill; it drops away like the rocks. There is nothing laughing about it. It means war or worship, or a strange, true-northern blend of both.

And that is why, perhaps, it doesn't do for Claribel to drive to the Opening of Parliament or the Governor-General's Drawing Room in a motor. It isn't artistically *de rigueur* to sweep up to the *porte cochere* of a Gothic castle with skid chains on your wheels, and an ear-jabbing horn as an announcer. Motor horns are useful articles, no doubt, but like the skyscraper, the elevator and rubbers in wet weather, they don't exist for aesthetic reasons.

AIRILY FRENCH, THE CHATEAU LAURIER TOWERS ABOVE THE PICTURESQUE LOCKS OF THE RIDEAU CANAL

But sleigh-bells!

Where's the horse under Ursa Major that doesn't step out the smarter and arch his neck more proudly for one big jingler under his chin, or three on his back, or a row of them along the shafts? And where is the poinsettia-cheeked maiden who doesn't love a low-bodied, red-runnered chariot of ceremony with a three-inch-deep rug up the back, another over her satin knees, and a coachman beskinned like the great-grandfather of all the bears, sitting up in front?

Besides, Claribel has a touch of Gallic audacity. When her eyes laugh at you over the soft black fox furs, and sparkle the allure that used to bring the imported British-red uniforms out to the sleigh in the snow, they wouldn't be half so charming if the scarlet cross of the Union Jack were the only flag that Canada has ever known. Claribel is no suffragette. Father is perfectly welcome to poll the vote, provided his youngest daughter is commissioned to spend the note and cross the moat and wear her Poiret evening coat. The House of Commons may deliberate as it pleases, the western newspapers may pay very little attention, with a great deal of elaborateness, to the Governor-General's doings—but Claribel is monarchical, etiquetteful and gloriously happy, and the Parliamentary Guide lies on her dainty desk along with her prayer-book and her dressmaker's bills.

We're not going to talk of war-time, service-khaki parlia-

ments. Claribel is satisfied this year with grey knitting and a made-over gown, because she knows that when the Kaiser's nine-day-wonder Krupp campaign has passed into history to be studied in parallel columns with Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, she will still be attending joyous Openings.

The Senate Chamber has the solemnity of a stained-glass-windowed, time-hallowed church. The Gothic arches with their dim frescoes and pierced rose-openings lead the eye up to the heavy beamed ceiling where the checker-board glass lets law-making light in on the senators in lieu of the sacerdotal gloom the architecture suggests. The carpet is crimson, and at the far end of the room, crimson-canopied, surmounted by the Canadian arms in heavy gold, there is the little, unassuming royal chair.

One by one the pointed trains of the ladies go flashing across the red floor to find the seats bearing their names. The second and third lines where the unmarried daughters sit is a dresden-ribbon blend of soft color, with here and there the softly vivid kiss of carnation or the gypsy sauciness of shamrock green. One by one, too, a little less flashingly, the flaring uniforms of the men stray in. There is the Hon. Sir Robert Borden, handsome enough to rule any land; Sir Wilfrid with his distinctive white hair and polished manner; there are the Lieutenant-Governors; there is the Hon. Clifford Sifton, a blaze of Windsor gold; and the Black Rod himself, all velvet and ruffles, with colonial shoe-buckles and a wicked little sword.

Up in the galleries, Section A fills with the evening-dressed, commenting multitude, and then the doors are opened and the general public (still by invitation) enter bargain-counterishly and stand in long-suffering lines, whispering about the Alta-Sasks who spent $9,000 on gowns at Connolly-Playter's after they arrived from the west yesterday, and casting amused glances at Mrs. Clymber-Upleigh who has worn her evening cloak right into the Senate Chamber, because it's Callot Soeurs.

Then there is a sudden hush, as the mace is brought in. The speaker of the Senate in gown, white gloves and three-cornered hat, appears sombrely, like an ink-blot on a gorgeous palette.

"There is a Senator without waiting to be introduced," he announces.

"Go and bring him in."

He enters, between two other Senators, and is duly sworn, after which the Senate Chamber chatters in gay soprano, until—

"There he is—hush !—stand——"

An erect scarlet figure, blazing with medals, a plumed black velvet hat in his hand—aren't you glad he looks so like a king ? this white-haired man who walks so quietly to the royal chair ?

Then comes the Princess Patricia, loveliest of ladies. She bows to her father—to the king whom he represents to her as to all of us, and passes to her place.

"Be seated."

No matter how democratic you may be, you stand automatically when the Duke of Connaught enters. The judges of the supreme court, clad in scarlet and ermine, a wedge of legal glory, are not so compelling. It isn't the aide de camps with clicking swords, it isn't the beautiful Princess, it isn't even the stanch old man himself—it's history, two thousand banked years of it.

The summoning of the Commons comes next, when the Gentleman Usher takes his Rod of office and raps three times at the green doors. At the summons, the Commoners rise, follow the Black Rod who bows them in, and listen respectfully to the Duke as he reads his Speech from the Throne, wherein he forecasts legislation in the vaguely oracular manner of Spiro prophesying about 1916. At its conclusion the manuscript is exchanged for another one, equally red-sealed. At least, you think it's another one. In reality it is merely an example of the line-upon-line method, the second line being French. Then Parliament is declared open.

. . . . . .

The next is a blank day on Claribel's calendar, but on the day following she has an early supper, since she will dine in state at the Chateau Laurier at midnight, after the Drawing Room.

At seven-thirty the sleighs and taxis begin to swing in through the gate in front of the Parliament Buildings. There has been a three-quarter column announcement in the press, so that each class knows its own door—"Cabinet ministers and those gentlemen having the Private Entree, with their wives, unmarried daughters and unmarried sisters, at the Speaker's entrance to the Senate," and so on,

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ON THE SWEEP OF PARLIAMENT HILL IS THE GREY BULK OF THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS WHERE THE JEWELLED WHEELS OF STATE GO ROUND

When in Rome Do As The Romans

WHEREIN A KID BROTHER'S LOVE FOR RUINS AND HIS ANTIPATHY TO "DAGOES" KILLED THE SOCIAL ASPIRATIONS OF HIS SISTERS

By Mary Heaton Vorse

Author of "The Breaking in of A Yachtman's Wife," etc.

Illustrated by Jay Hambridge

"YOU CAN'T CLIMB TOWERS ALL THE TIME," REMSEN SAID GLOOMILY. "ANYWAY I'D RATHER IT WAS MOUNTAINS"

I SAW them first in the Pitti Gallery in Florence, four of them there were, two girls and their mother, and a boy of about thirteen whom at first I did not place as a member of this party. My eye rested upon them with approval. They were my countrywomen, yes, but countrywomen such as one would like always to see, the kind that do you credit.

Their clothes were a shade smarter than would have been English girls' of the same class, but not smart enough to be ostentatious. They were totally lacking in the efficient swagger common to so many of our girls. One knew them to be young girls; one knew they could not possibly be anything else, and that, I believe, is the great reproach foreigners make, that our young matrons and girls look and dress exactly alike. These did not. These kept as close to their mother as any *jeunes filles*. They deferred to her prettily. The boy, scrupulously neat but indescribably hobbledehoy, surveyed the pictures with a gloomy and disapproving eye. As I say, I did not connect him with the trio upon whom my eye rested with so much approval.

The older lady was gowned very becomingly—the sort of thing that a woman of her weight and years rarely achieves outside the pages of a fashion book, where one may see pictures reading "simple traveling costume for middle-aged matron." She was dressed so that her years and her clothes were in absolute accord, and yet dressed lovingly so as to show off to the greatest advantage her soft, iron-gray hair, and her still pretty complexion. She looked like the sort of mother one reads about in books, and which in our chaotic country is so seldom seen. So when from the lips of this altogether satisfactory person came the words in a low but irrepressibly nasal voice, "He isn't my idea of the party at all!" surprise assailed me.

My faultless elderly woman was standing in front of a picture of St. John the Baptist, a little St. John with a crook in his hand and his flocks behind him. One of the daughters made a little fluttering movement of dissent, but penetratingly, irrepressibly, the voice went on:

"There's no use trying to shut me up now, Looey. I can't help having idears." She sounded a hard "r." "When I walk through a place like this when there's people about I choke back and choke back, but when I am out alone with you girls I am just going to say what I think. I never did picture St. John the Baptist like that."

Rebellion and humor danced in her pleasant blue eyes; she gave the delightful impression of an elderly and naughty child who has refused to say her lesson, and who has flung deportment out of the window.

"Oh, you needn't look 'round over your shoulder like that, Looey! There's nobody here who knows us. Your poor old mother can show herself just as ignorant as she wants to." This last quite without bitterness.

And here one of the girls fluted out softly:

"Oh, mother, do call me Louise!"

And the other:

"But, mother dear, you aren't ignorant."

To which the good lady replied:

"No, I don't s'pose I am a mite more ignorant than most of you when you really do get down to it; not so much, because I say what I think."

Then it was that the other member of the party joined them.

"What makes pictures so ugly?" was what he wanted to know. "Say, ma, what do you s'pose——"

Upon this the two young ladies groaned in chorus:

"Oh, Remsen, do say 'mother'!"

I went away reflecting on what I had seen. It was at once touching and absurd. The girls had it so very well, and mother and Remsen were still so far from licked into shape. Would they get away with it, I wondered; would mother ever be the credit to them in speech that she was in clothes; would they succeed in ironing out her charming little foibles and her homely little methods of speech; would she have to give up "Looey" just as Remsen would have to give up "ma?" So I reflected during the half hour that they flitted now and again before my eyes, and then I forgot all about them until I saw them again in the pension where I was staying in Rome.

I was sitting directly opposite them at the long table at luncheon, and I heard the good lady say plaintively:

"Oh, my feet hurt me so, girls! If you would let me stay at home sometimes! Not that I wouldn't be glad to see a princess," she added with that naive joy in titles which only a truly democratic person can feel. To which Looey said very gently and in her sweet, effaced, girlish way, more in the tone of one who agrees instead of one who is instructing a parent:

"But, mother dear, nice girls never go out alone in Italy."

"You can go in a cab, can't you?" the elder lady took up plaintively. "And nothing can happen to you between the cab door and the palace. I want to get my shoes off my feet!"

"We won't go then," responded the

other girl, Georgiana I learned was her name, "if you are too tired."

Of course there was only one end to this drama—mother went. I saw them all get into the cab together.

After dinner, in the little garden, Mrs. Gifford and I made one another's acquaintance. She kept her feet well under the hem of her dress as we conversed staidly on Roman climate, the excellence of the pension, and similar topics. Suddenly I saw one foot, arrayed in a comfortable and wholly unpresentable slipper, protrude from beneath her dress. A brilliant gleam of mischief flashed to her eyes as she bent toward me and said in the tone of utmost friendliness:

"You never would guess what I've got on my feet! The girls would just about kill me! I slipped them on when they weren't looking."

For a fraction of a second she exposed her disorderly footgear beneath the hem of her skirt.

"I suffer agonies with my feet," she confided, "what with these stone pavements and walking so much and stone floors everywhere. Of course it's very nice and all, being here, but little did I think how much work 'When in Rome do as the Romans do' means to a mother. Do you know, the girls can't go a single place alone? They can't speak to a young man unless I am there." She gave out this piece of information as one who doesn't expect to be believed. "No, not *speak* to them even, without me! Times have changed more'n you would believe since you and me were young. I was always real careful about the girls, who they went with and all. Then they went two years to a school. Well, people have grown awful pernickity since we were young, that's all I can say; I've hardly had a minute's rest since they came back. Life's got awful complicated when you've got to be with your girls every single second and don't have a minute to yourself."

"They seem like sweet, dear girls," said I.

"Oh, yes" she replied, in a lack-luster way, "they're sweet and dear, but they don't hardly seem like natural girls to me—so quiet! When girls act so refined, as they do, all the time, it always seems to me as though they can't be quite well." She sighed. "I shall be glad when I am home again."

"So'll I," came a gloomy voice.

I looked up and Remsen stood before us.

"That's another thing. He don't seem to be getting out of it what I thought he would," his mother mourned.

"There ain't nothin' for a feller to do," Remsen supplemented. I can't pretend to convey the tone in which he said this. It was flat and unemotional enough, but long, hopeless vistas of nothingness were expressed in it. You understood it. Literally, there was nothing for a fellow to do.

"I hate pictures," he volunteered. "I thought I'd like roons but I don't; you have to keep off 'em."

"You like climbing towers, Remsen," his mother suggested.

"You can't climb towers all the time," responded Remsen gloomily. "Anyway, I'd rather it was mountains," he continued. "In Switzerland there's lots of 'em."

"But you can't do it in winter, you know, Remsen," his mother objected, and then she turned to me. "You have to go abroad to realize how active a growing boy is," she mourned. "At home he's always active, and it seems natural, but here the boys don't seem to crave exercise like our boys do. And when I think I took him out of school to bring him here—he was a year ahead, pretty near two in mathematics—he takes after his pa—and he was growing so fast that I thought it wouldn't do no harm if he *did* miss a year. Dr. Jordan, that's our minister, he encouraged me; he said for those who could afford it, when I talked it over with him, it was their duty to give their growing youth the larger horizon that comes from foreign travel, and he said that the things you saw when young impress themselves upon you."

"They do," growled Remsen. "I've had it impressed good and plenty that America's good enough for me."

"And so," his mother went on, "I wish to goodness I had left him behind with his Aunt Nettie, pursuing his studies."

"Gee, I wish you had," were the words that came from Remsen's heart. "And I wish you had kep' the girls home, too." He coughed with embarrassment and finally choked out the rest—the thing that had been evidently weighing heavy on his spirit. "The girls," he said, "are off their nuts about dago men. Next you know, ma, we'll have a dago in the family."

"Why, Remsen," his mother expostulated, shocked to the depths of her. "Why, Remsen, how you talk!"

"You wait," said Remsen darkly, "and you'll see if I'm talking!"

I have often noticed in my way through life that men are quicker to grasp at matters of sentiment than women. In those families where family feeling is strong, a curious inverted jealousy seems to give a second sight to brothers and fathers when mothers and sisters are still blind. And to her son's "You just wait!" Mrs. Gifford only gasped:

"Oh, Remsen, how can you! Your sisters are very interested in the social life here, of course, but as for taking those young Italians seriously——"

"JOKE NOTHIN'!" SNORTED REMSEN, "THAT'S HIS WAY OF GETTIN' ROUND IT. IF IT'S A JOKE, WHY DON'T HE ASK ME TO GO TOO?"

"You wait," her son reiterated.

"Well," his mother gasped, as her son strolled away, "men are queer even when they are only boys! Why, there isn't one of those young Italians, nice as their manners are, but what makes me think of organ grinders like I've seen at home, or a peanut-stand man, and to have the girls—my girls, who've had a pa like their pa, not to speak of uncles and cousins—" Indignation choked her. "Whatever's got into that boy I don't know," she finished hopelessly. "With their posturing, affected ways," she took up again, "and pleased with themselves so that you long to shake 'em; acting like op'ra singers—op'ra singers," she fumed, "ev'ry one of 'em."

'But," I objected, "the young men whom your daughters know, Mrs. Gifford, are neither organ grinders nor peanut venders not yet opera singers; they are young men of very good families, so far as I can judge."

But there was no answering chord in Mrs. Gifford for young Italians of very good family. She had a very good answer to any objection I could make. It was:

"They're all Italians, aren't they?" and the inflection of her voice showed how inferior a foreigner, good family or not, seemed to an Anglo-Saxon.

As Mrs. Gifford went around more and more and as the girls received more and more attention, when her afternoons were filled up with invitations to tea to one smart place and the other, the poison that Remsen had dropped into his mother's spirit began to work. Her real anxiety pierced through our most ordinary conversations, and at last emerged from troubled hints to the concrete.

"I've heard a lot," said she, "about international marriages, but I thought that was something that affected merely the four hundred—for Vanderbilts and people like that. I knew, of course, before we left home that Italians are fortune hunters"—she spoke as though there were no exceptions in the whole of Italy. "Let them hunt, thought I, for we've got none. I never had wanted to be rich, nor had Mr. Gifford, and over and above my life insurance and the taxes and running expenses, seven thousand five hundred dollars a year is every cent we've got in the world. That's just comfort, it isn't a fortune; and when you think what expense Remsen's going to be in a little while—why, it's nothing when it's divided among us, and I'm mighty glad it's not, now!

"You must think I'm awful suspicious of my two girls," she went on, "to think of their ever having such thoughts cross their heads."

"Young girls are young girls," I comforted her.

"That's just it; when I look back now on some of the beaus I had before ever I met Mr. Gifford, I shiver—why, there are times when I look at my girlhood just as a set of narrow escapes. If there was only some nice American around now, for a contrast, but look what we've got here! Nothing you would call by the name of 'man'! Old maids in pants and young maids in pants is about all America is able to muster here, so far as I can see. You can't wonder, though; Rome's no place for a live American man to live in, however instructing it may be."

The girls, I could see in the meantime, were supremely happy. They went out a great deal, not in the exclusive Roman circles but in that nondescript ground which readily opens its doors to unvouched-for Americans. They went to one or two really good places and probably, first and last, saw more of the strata of Italian society than they might have had they known more. They were girls, too, really nice, with too much of their mother in them to have anything of clamor about them, but they lacked the snobbishness which would have given them an intuitive knowledge of social values; all they asked was that people should be refined.

"WHAT AILS YOU, KID?" THE VOICE WENT ON, "DON'T YOU KNOW ANY BETTER'N THAT?"

The crown of refinement fell upon the brow of Juliano Leopardi. I grew to know him well; he and his married sister, one of the Contessas Accioldi—there were seven of these contessas spread between Rome and Naples—were always coming after the girls, and, of course, Mrs. Gifford. A very attractive youth I must say he was, for personally I like the Italian boys with their brilliant, flashing smiles and their childlike gaiety; and besides that, they have charming manners and do not show the contempt that youth naturally feels for age.

He was one of those young fellows belonging to what one might term the middle-class aristocracy, and a small fortune from such a pretty, presentable girl as Louise Gifford would have suited his family, which was not great enough to have aspired to anything like a millionaire's daughter, except by some lucky freak, which, the Italians know so well, is becoming less and less common every year. Americans have become so uncomfortably wise about the exact significance of certain titles and the meanings of various Italian names.

This young man was obviously fond of Louise—obviously, and yet not obviously; the thing was so neatly adjusted that no one could say that he had committed himself or that a shadow of embarrassment rested on the girl should his suit have been transferred to the other sister.

Exquisitely as it was done, however, Louise understood. A faint flush as of dawn would flood her face when he came in—a very gentle flush which covered her face with a fine tone of shell pink. She had a quick, shy way of lifting her eyes toward him when he spoke and then, instead of letting him nearer after her quick glance, she would hide, as it were, behind some one else, making talk with the nearest, so that Juliano must work to approach her. All this piqued and charmed him. No doubt he thought it flirtation; I knew it to be real.

Maidenly—that was what Louise was; both of them, for that matter; and it gave me a queer little shiver to know what was in store for Louise

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A France that is Older Than Paris

OF ALL THE CITIES ON THE CONTINENT OF AMERICA, QUEBEC IS THE QUAINTEST

HOW PARIS AND QUEBEC ARE ALIKE AND UNLIKE WHILE PARIS UNFROCKED THE PRIEST, EXPATRIATED THE NUN AND INVENTED RACE SUICIDE, QUEBEC IS FULL OF CROSSES AND TALL ALTAR CANDLES AND IS THE HOME OF FOURTEEN IN THE FAMILY

By Zenas E. Black

Illustrated from Photographs

THE only people in the world who stand a ghost of a show to profit by the merry red performance now running wide open from Paris to Petrograd, are our American cousins, and even they will have to pay more or less to Mars, the gatekeeper, for their unasked-for seat at the spectacle.

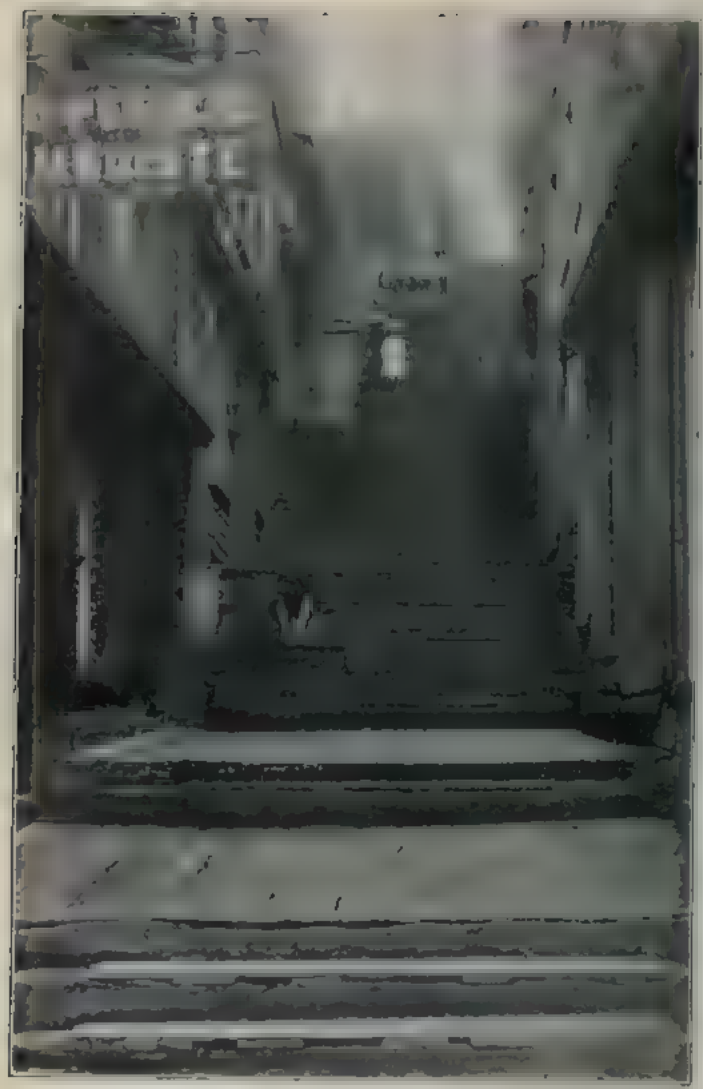
Uncle Sam has always walked by his lone since the day of his Boston tea party. He is quite sure that his lands are wide enough, his pocketbook is fat enough and his folk sturdy enough to live on, even if the earth opened and swallowed all Europe in one blazing mouthful. But at the same time, he has needed the neighborliness of his British relatives, and he'd be powerful lonely, would this same gentleman, with no place to which to export his wheat and his meat and his can't-be-beat, tourists who carry their souls in their feet.

If the Englishman says, as reported, "It's a fine day; let's kill something," then our American cousin and said cousin's wife and daughters undoubtedly remark, "We've a fine pile; let's see something." And for unexplorable reasons that "something" has always necessitated a briny prelude.

Now however, with Europe ablaze, Africa asmoulder and Asia tinder ready for the match, Sam will have to devise ports o' call that lie inside the high board fence that bounds North America. And by cutting out his foreign travel account, he'll have in the neighborhood of a billion dollars to do it with. As long ago as 1907, an authority calculated that Canada and the United States pay out annually for the soul-manicure demanded by the culture seekers from this side of the Atlantic, as follows:

To France	$ 500,000,000
To Italy	100,000,000
To England	25,000,000
To Switzerland	150,000,000
	$ 775,000,000

We can't duplicate Italy at home. The banana man, the peanut peddler and Tony, the tracklayer, form the bulk of our Italian immigration and they have not been in our midst long enough to build Bella Napoli in an American setting. But when it comes to France, the nation that gets most of the travelers' money, all that the pleasure seeking tourist has to do, is a straight little crowfly, to the East, or North by East, or North as the case may be, to find in quaint, steep-built, bird-poised Quebec, a France that is older than Paris. Paris is cosmopolitan, twentieth century—twenty-first, if you will. Paris reveres nothing but riches, believes nothing but scandal talks nothing but clothes. Paris inherits from the Revolution; Quebec from the monarchy. Paris unfrocked the priest, expatriated the nun, invented race suicide; Quebec has died for her faith and would die again. Quebec is full of crosses and tall altar candles; Quebec is the home of the fourteen-in-family and more to follow. Paris polishes her antiquities for trade purposes; Quebec wears the kirtle and makes the Holy Sign because her



IT WOULD BE A SHAME TO HAVE THIS BIT OF QUAINTNESS EVER HARASSED WITH NEW FANGLED NOTIONS

mother told her to and she knows no other law.

If there hadn't been any Quebec to fight over, the United States might never have existed as such. If Wolfe and Montcalm hadn't struggled on the dim Plains of Abraham a century and a half ago, and if the British lion hadn't crushed the political fleur-de-lis in America, that he now fights to defend in Europe, the thirteen little colonies afraid of France would probably have remained cubs instead of sprouting wings as eagles

But perhaps you don't know these great aristocratic names—Cartier and Champlain, LaSalle and Joliet, Marquette and Frontenac. Perhaps they are just geography to you, just present-day places, not yesterday's people The tourist in Europe gulps guide book history, stone-cold, and Oliver-Twists for more. Why doesn't he go up to old Quebec and find history warm on the hearth of to-day ?

When Jacques Cartier's pilot glimpsed Cape Diamond, he exclaimed in Norman French, "Quebec !"—(What a peak !). Every modern traveler uses a similar expression when he sees the Gibraltar of Canada for the first time. Cartier wintered in 1535-6 near the little Indian village of Stadaconá, built on the spot where Quebec now stands, thus antedating the founding of Jamestown and of St. Augustine by more than fifty years. The French explorer set up the standard of the Cross on the left bank of the St Charles River to show future adventurers that France had taken possession of this country. In 1541 he returned with some immigrants he had taken from the prisons of France. As might be expected, the settlement was short-lived. Anyway, Jacques was a sailor and a wanderer and therefore no fit hook on which to hang the destiny of a nation. For a half-century thereafter, France attempted no colonization.

Champlain first cast anchor at the foot of Cape Diamond in 1603; Champlain the courtier, the visionary, Champlain with the sword in one hand and the cross in the other, Champlain of the long head and the lace ruffles. Five years later he returned and founded the city of Quebec. The first settlers were Nicholas Pivert, Abraham Martin, Pieree Desportes, Louis Hebert and their families. Encouraged by Champlain, they set about with zeal to establish homes. Their children intermarried and the numerous offspring became proverbial. Doubtless Fate so ordered it, since New France could not afford the race suicide that has become so popular in Old France. A wooden fort was built near the site of the church of Notre Dame.

Champlain showed that he was a regular pioneer for he began to experiment with wheat and other cereals that have since become Canada's leading crops. He also planted the first vegetable and flower garden in all that country, a dim little spark transplanted from the blaze of Versailles. For the courtier-trowelman expected his wife, and though her stay was but a few years, she taught the Indian women and children many things about the beauty of this world and the glory of the next and the wonder of a woman who can love. It is said that the Indians liked to look in the tiny mirror she wore suspended from her belt. They would go away and say that she surely cared for them because she carried their picture. Fur trading and trapping, fishing, agriculture and preaching to the Indians were the leading industries and the little band of colonists was greatly augmented by settlers arriving from Perche and Normandy who understood farming.

Christmas Day, 1635, was a sad day for New France for it was then that Champ ain died. If he had done one thing or two, he might have lived to see his great-grand-children, but his soul was omnivorous of achievement

By 1663, New France had become a Province, with Quebec—a town of twenty houses—its chief city. In 1665, the mother country began to take an ifterest in the colony and the population doubled within the year. Among other improvements for Quebec may be noted the establishment of a brewery. Later on, this was purchased and converted into a palace for the use of the Council. And to-day—two hundred and fifty years since it was a palace—the tourist will find the same building on the shores of the St. Charles and St. Lawrence, again a brewery !

Frontenac while at the head of affairs did not wholly succeed in taming the Indians. In 1712, a subscription was raised to surround Quebec with a wall, somewhat along the lines of the kind then popular in Europe, portions of which crumbling fortification are pointed out to the visitor to-day.

The tentacles of England began to reach into New France. Montcalm was sent over to take charge of the French troops. That he was not passionately fond of the Indians may be inferred from a letter to his mother; "One needs the patience of an angel to get on with them. Ever since I have been here I have had nothing but visits and harangues and deputations of this gentry. The Iroquois ladies, who always take part in their government, came also and did me the honor to bring me belts of wampum which will oblige me to go to their villages and sing the war song. They make war with astounding cruelty, sparing neither men, women nor children, and take off your scalp very neatly—an operation which generally kills you."

However, Montcalm was an able officer and the British soon saw that if they were going to place their flag where the fleur-de-lis then waved over Canada, they must send an able general. Wolfe was the answer, and

all the world knows how he came to the door of Quebec on that June day in 1759. Everyone remembers how, after weeks of waiting, he saw through his glass a path up the great perpendicular bank of rock of which one of his men had told him. It had been made by a streamlet, now dry, and was called the Anse de Foulon. Ever since the capture of Quebec it has been called Wolfe's Cove. Then you recall how, on the night of the attack, he made Gray's Elegy more famous by reciting it while waiting in one of the boats on the river for the signal to start. After he had finished the line, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave," he paused and placed literature far above militarism with the remark: "Gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec."

After Wolfe had led his men up the ravine they were stationed on the Plains of Abraham, so called because Abraham Martin, previously mentioned, had owned land there. We hear the din of the battle and catch the heroic flare of it across the years. The little armies, close locked on the height did not know as we know that they fought to decide directly the fortunes of some nine million Canadians, and that indirectly the fate of a hundred millions to the south hung upon their swords. At the exhaustion point of battle, the British cheer was raised.

Wolfe, who had been thrice wounded heard someone say, "They run; see, they run!"

"Who run?" he asked.

"The enemy, sir," replied the officer who was supporting him.

His last words are as familiar to us as a copybook quotation—"Now, God be praised: I die in peace."

The spot where Wolfe fell is marked by a column on which is inscribed, "Here Wolfe died victorious, September 13, 1759." You will see in Quebec a monument to the honor of the two generals who fought, the one for the rose and the other for the fleur-de-lis. They now stand together under the maple leaf even as the sons of England and of France are united in the Canada of to-day. When the Dominion's first contingent sailed from Valcartier, near Quebec—named in honor of Jacques Cartier—many men of French descent were among the troops. They were going to battle for England, side by side with France, against a common foe. Thus Time upsets the old order.

Francis Parkman sadly reviews the glory that was French in his "Pioneers of France in the New World": "The French dominion is a memory of the past and when we evoke its departed shades, they rise upon us from their graves in strange romantic guise. Again their ghostly camp-fires seem to burn and the fitful light is cast around on lord and vassal and black-robed priest, mingled with wild forms of savage warriors, knit in close fellowship on the same stern errand. A boundless vision grows upon us; an untamed continent; vast wastes of forest verdure; mountains silent in primeval sleep; river, lake and glimmering pool; wilderness and ocean mingling with the sky. Such was the domain which France conquered for civilization. Plumed helmets gleamed in the shade of its forests; priestly vestments in its dens and fastnesses of ancient barbarism. Men steeped in antique learning, pale with the close breath of the cloister, here spent the noon and evening of their lives, ruled savage hordes with a mild, parental sway, and stood serene before the direst shapes of death. Men of a courtly nature, heirs to the polish of far-reaching ancestry, with their dauntless hardihood put to shame the boldest sons of toil."

WHEN IT COMES TO FRANCE ONE HAS ONLY TO DO A STRAIGHT LITTLE CROWFLY TO QUEBEC TO FIND HIMSELF IN A FRANCE OF THE MIDDLE AGES

In Acadia, (now Nova Scotia) made famous by Longfellow's Evangeline, in Montreal and in many other Canadian points are traces of the Old France, but it is Quebec that possesses the most interest for the well-informed tourist. After one has wondered at the citadel and forts of Cape Diamond, the Martello towers with their subterranean communications with the citadel, inspected the house of Montcalm and a thousand other relics of the past, he may walk but a few paces and find himself in the European Middle Ages, posterns and gates, crank steps leading to gabled houses with sharp French roofs of tin like those of Liege; processions of the Host; altars decorated with flowers; statues of the Virgin; and the narrow streets and markets graced with many a Cotentin lace cap—all the above within forty miles, remember, of the Yankee state of Maine. There has been no dying out of the French-Canadian race. They number twenty times the hundred thousand of a century ago. There has been no change in religion, language, laws or physical type. As Sir Charles Dilke said: "They herd together in rambling streets, dance to the fiddle after Mass on Sundays as gaily as once did their Norman sires, and keep up the memory of Montcalm and the Fleur-de-lis. More French than France are the lower Canadian habitants."

Religion was the ruling passion in New France. Quebec has a number of old parish churches, but first in antiquity and rank is the cathedral, which traces back to Champlain who erected on its site the church of Notre Dame de la Recouvrance in 1633. This was burnt, but was rebuilt in 1645. In 1647 the foundation stone was laid here for a more imposing building called Notre Dame de la Paix, probably perpetuating the memory of the peace alliance with the Iroquois that had

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The Way of a Man

"MEN MAY LOOK DIFFERENT, MAY DRESS DIFFERENT, MAY TALK A DIFFERENT LANGUAGE, AND BY THE INEXPERIENCED MAY BE GIVEN CREDIT FOR HAVING INDIVIDUALITY. BUT THEY ARE ALL THE SAME UNDERNEATH," SAYS MISS WISE-BIT-OF-FEMININITY

By Dorothy Canfield

Illustrated by J. McCarthy

ELIZABETH laughed at her uncle's reiterated cautions and directions—Elizabeth always saw the funny side of things—but there was an undernote of real irritation in her voice as she answered, following him out upon the platform, "Good gracious, Uncle Henry, anybody'd think I'd never taken a railway trip alone before. I hope I've got sense enough to travel forty miles without getting lost!"

"But you change cars at Hoosac Junction!" he called anxiously from the station platform as her train began to move. It was the seventh time he had told her that. "Well, what if I *do*!" she shouted with some heat. As she turned back she thought resentfully, "As if I were a child or a half-witted——"

Before she could finish the exclamation it had summoned suddenly to her mind the recollection of that last extraordinary talk with her sister. She hurried to her seat and as the train rattled and jolted its way out of the yards she composed herself to think things over.

It was literally the first quiet moment she had had to recall that talk, as unexpected and extraordinary on her part as on Dolly's. How *could* she have brought herself to speak so openly of what she had only allowed herself to half guess as the cause of her uneasy discontent of the last year! She still heard, as though it were something wholly dissociated from her, her own voice saying, "For mercy's sake, Dolly, don't torment me, as everybody else in the family does, trying to persuade me I ought to marry. I'm single, not in the least because I object to matrimony, but simply because nobody—*nobody*, do you hear!—has ever proposed to me!"

She had begun the sentence with her usual laughing briskness, and it was with amazed shame that she heard a quaver in her voice at the end and felt the tears stinging her eyelids. It had been a relief to say it out, but she had never been so grateful to Dolly's matter-of-fact coolness as when that young matron had answered calmly: "I thought so all the time. It comes of your having had no mother to tell you things. The rest of the family think you must have had a dozen offers from some of the men who spend so much time calling on you and taking you out, but any woman with an eye in her head could see that not one of them was in love with you. Now you listen to me and learn something!"

In the swaying train Elizabeth sat suddenly upright, as startled now as she had been at the time by the revelation of cynical philosophy underlying the smiling serenity of their rosy little Dolly. She exclaimed to herself again as she had to her mentor: "But that's all out of fashion nowadays. Men don't *like* clinging, helpless women any more. Why, *everybody* says so!"

She saw again Dolly's knowing little smile as she pooh-poohed this naïveté. "Don't you believe a word of it! It's like a change of fashion in hats! Men may *look* different, but they're just the same underneath. They can't abide a capable woman. She makes them seem less superior. Why, I thought every woman knew that!"

"But that's despicable, if it's true of them!" Elizabeth had cried hotly. "You can't believe such a low-down thing of Horace, when he's so devoted!"

Horace's wife laid down her embroidery and laughed outright. "Are you really twenty-five, or are you seventeen? Why do you suppose Horace *is* so devoted to me? Simply because he thinks I'm a pretty little silly who couldn't draw the breath of life if he didn't show me how. As for its being despicable, what's the use of calling names? You've got to take things as they are, and if you want to like men, don't expect too much of them."

She embroidered for a moment in silence, and then neatly and unemotionally summed up her doctrine: "When men take for granted women are idiots and don't know enough to come in when it rains, don't resent it. Learn to like it!"

At this point one of the babies had cried, and Dolly's words of wisdom were stopped. But they had gone on resounding portentously in her sister's ears. Even now the rumbling of the train made an accompaniment to the refrain "Don't resent it, learn to like it!" and Elizabeth reviewed her life under the new light of this aphorism. It certainly explained a great number of things she had not understood before. One incident after another came to her as illustrating the truth of what she had denied so hotly to Dolly. She thought of the women her Pacific men friends she had never known any other variety had married! And their attitude toward their husbands. She thought of girls who had been debutantes when she was and who were still spinsters, and recognized in them the same qualities of competent, business-like capacity to take care of themselves and run their own lives of which she was so proud in herself; and finally she thought of the very last incident that had happened. How exasperating she had found Uncle Henry's belittling care of her, and yet how hurt he had looked when she resented it! She supposed Dolly would have looked pathetically anxious, would have hung on his words, made him repeat his directions, and sent him away full of happy importance; and then would promptly have forgotten all about him, and asked the trainman if she had needed any information.

Her smile of scorn at this picture of what she termed uncompromisingly "cheap hypocrisy" was checked by the sobering reflection that Dolly had everything in the world a woman could possibly want, while she—had the consciousness of her independence and nothing more; nothing more even to look forward to. She felt the approach of one of those moods of restless depression which had made her so miserable of late, and tried to divert herself by watching her fellow-passengers.

A rustic bride and groom occupied the seat in front of her, but she had hardly taken in the significance of their self-conscious laughter and whispered remarks before the train began to slow jerkily down. The man asked the conductor if they were approaching Hoosac Junction and if they needed to change cars there. Upon receiving the answer, he turned to his wife and said, quite as if she were deaf and had not heard a remark addressed to them both: "We're almost at Hoosac Junction, and we have to change cars there, so get on your wraps." In spite of her depression, Elizabeth smiled at the importance of his manner. She noticed that he guided his bride down the aisle as though she were blind, cautioning her volubly against obstacles that she could not but see as well as he. As he ran down the steps ahead of her, he stumbled and fell headlong, his cheap coat splitting up the back and showing a bright pink shirt. Without noticing this he scrambled to his feet and called, "*Don't* try to come down till I'm there to help you, dearie!"

At this Elizabeth laughed aloud. "The eternal masculine!" she said to herself. "He made such a good job of getting down himself he's sure he can help somebody else." Through her laughter, however, she noticed with what an instinctive art the raw country girl adapted herself to the man's point of view, allowed her vigorous young body to be guided cautiously down the steps and up on the station platform as though she were an infirm old woman, and how she smiled gratefully at the man who had piloted her so safely through this dangerous expedition

Elizabeth labeled the man's answering adoring gaze "offensively patronizing," but there was something else in it which had never been in any gaze directed on her, and her smile died away. It occurred to her uncomfortably that she might really know less about the problems of life than she had supposed. She had a new and melancholy conception of the problems as being those of mean and petty artifices, and of life itself as an ignoble affair; and reflected with some bitterness that undoubtedly Dolly would call that "looking at things as they really were."

Afterwards in meditating on the matter she concluded that this was the turning point; that, overcome as by a last straw by the unspeakable dreariness of Hoosac Junction, she then and there came to her momentous decision, but at the time she was aware only of a general sinking of the heart and a forlorn desolation. She wished heartily that her visit in the mountains were over and she were on her way back to Montreal. When the train appeared she climbed wearily in, dropped into the first seat, and took a perverse pleasure in not looking out at the mountains as they began to shoulder themselves up above the horizon. Dolly had once said to her that for sudden pitch-black fits of melancholy nobody could equal a person like Elizabeth who laughed a great deal

The moody traveler ignored the people in the car as she ignored the lovely summer landscape, so that she was quite surprised that evening when her neighbor at dinner began the conversation by saying: "You may think I'm a stranger to you, but I'm not. I sat across the aisle from you and stared at you all the way from Hoosac Junction up here." He spoke with a gay effrontery which carried no offense, and waited for her answer to strike the keynote of their acquaintance

"I'm afraid I wasn't a cheerful object for contemplation," began Elizabeth with her pleasant impersonal laugh. "I was feeling horribly blue and depressed, and wondering if—" She was again startled to hear a quaver in her voice, and stopped, flushing at the idea of telling a stranger what had been depressing her on that journey

MORTIMER'S LITTLE EGOTISTICAL STORIES OF HIS OWN GREATNESS WERE PROOF THAT SHE WAS

The young man evidently considered that the keynote of sentimentality had been struck and joined the harmony at once by leaning toward her impulsively and saying in a low intimate tone: "I *saw* you looked unhappy and frightened. It made me want to take care of you."

These last words resounded loudly in Elizabeth's ears. Perhaps Dolly was right. She glanced up and down the table. Nobody knew her except her hostess, who was desperately preoccupied with the cares of a large house party. Her visit opened before her like a clean white sheet on which she could write herself down as any character she chose without fear of detection. She looked again at her companion, who, preserving the most discreet of expectant silences, persuaded her dumbly to confidence with softly inviting dark eyes.

She drew a long breath and made the plunge.

As she brushed her hair before her mirror that night she laughed inextinguishably at the recollection of the rest of the evening, but she was half frightened, nevertheless, at the ease with which the plunge once taken, she had sailed away upon unknown and, to her, wholly uncharted seas. She tried to imagine Uncle Henry's face if he had heard her dilating upon the terrors of a solitary journey, and ending with a pathetic: "I know it's foolish to be so sensitive, but I can't help it. I'm *so* dependent upon others' care!"

The impetus of her start had carried them both along to an intimate discussion of the real nature of women, in which Elizabeth, summoning Dolly's mocking spirit to her aid, had proclaimed the sex as universally a clinging vine, and herself the frailest of its tendrils. She woke up in the night, and even while she shivered nervously at the thought of where she might end if she continued the joke, she laughed aloud at the vision of herself masquerading in that guise. She put her fear resolutely out of her mind. The irresponsibility of transient relationships both dazzled and reassured her. She would never meet any of these people again, she told herself, and never in the world would she have such an opportunity to see if Dolly was right.

Morning light brought no reaction from her resolution, and after breakfast she sat in the library, with Paul Mortimer, her last night's dinner partner, leaning over her shoulder, instructing her how to use a check book. (She had brought a new one downstairs for the purpose.)

"Do I sign here?" she asked, "or is it the date that goes on that line? I *never* can remember!" Here she sighed prettily over the complications of business life, and: "Oh, my goodness! Do I have to do it all over again on the 'stub,' as you call it? What a *funny* name! And now, which do I get the money from, the check or the stub?"

At the end of this extraordinary speech she joined Mortimer's pitying laugh at her impracticality with a wild whoop of merriment, whose almost hysterical genuineness she feared would betray her. She, who had run her widowed father's household ever since she was a little girl, to be asking where to sign a check!

After this important business transaction was completed, Mortimer proposed showing her around the golf course. As long as she lives Elizabeth will never forget that morning of instruction in the art of golf. Burying deep in oblivion the three silver cups she had won, she gave herself wholly over to Dolly's inspiration, and under the joyous sun of July "she played the fool," as she told herself complacently, "like a born clown." She exclaimed over the cunning little holes in the putting greens; she invariably tried to drive off with her putting iron, alleging that all those sticks looked alike to her; she forgot all about the game at a crucial moment in her delight over some ducklings paddling in a pond; and she ended her performance by picking up the ball and throwing it with a charming petulance and a highly inaccurate aim in the general direction of the clubhouse, observing with a laugh that she had enough for the morning and that that was a much more sensible way to get the ball over the ground than to poke at it with sticks!

They raced each other home, and arrived flushed and laughing. "I haven't had such a jolly time in years!" Mortimer told her at luncheon

"Nor I," she assured him. "I didn't know golf could *be* so much fun. It is all because you're so patient with stupid me!"

"It's all because you're so sunny and inspiriting. It's a revelation of temperament," he answered with an accent which was new in Elizabeth's experience of masculine conversation.

After luncheon their hostess sent them to drive to the next village on an errand, and here Elizabeth's courage failed a little. She had enjoyed the morning as she would have enjoyed a rattling farce at a theatre, but she had no such passion for golf as for horses, and, besides, Mortimer played excellent golf and he did not drive well. He said frankly that he didn't know much about it, but he undertook with ready confidence to teach her—her! Elizabeth Fortescue, the only one in the family who could subdue Black Lightning when he grew fractious. Mortimer showed her how to hold the reins, and showed her wrong. He handled the big high-stepping bay in just the worst way to get speed out of him, and he all but took a piece out of the hub as they turned up the driveway on their way home.

At dinner Elizabeth was tired out with repression, and inclined to throw up her whole campaign, but the irresistibly comic delights of being instructed an entire evening in the very elementary elements of bridge and the fact that a good looking man had not only singled her out, but had devoted the entire evening to telling her how great he was, sent her to bed amused with inward laughter and vaguely soothed by an emotion she did not recognize. She wondered if her hostess had noticed with disapproval that she had spent the entire day with the same man.

The next morning that care-worn lady relieved the girl's mind on the subject. "I am so glad you are taking care of Paul Mortimer so beautifully for me," she said gratefully; "he's so difficult as a rule—doesn't like most girls, you know. And yet such a splendid catch! But he is so hard to entertain, and it's *such* a comfort to have him off my mind." And with these words she dismissed not only Mortimer but Elizabeth from the number of her responsibilities. The two were left to a tête-à-tête almost as uninterrupted as if they had been on shipboard.

Elizabeth's self-possession and clear purpose lasted about five days, and then she was obliged to admit that she had lost her head completely. She did not know what she was doing or what was happening to her, except that her brain whirled when she tried to think, and that all she could see in her few moments of solitude was Paul Mortimer's ardent face turned toward her. She sometimes looked at herself in the mirror with a startled excitement as though she expected to face an entire stranger, so impossible were her doings of each day; but at other times the role she was playing seemed under her own character so hypnotically reflexive an influence had Mortimer's conception of her

He took for granted so unquestionably that she was incapable of conducting the smallest operation in life that she found herself hesitating in genuine doubt before processes that were as familiar to her as eating her dinner. She stepped back and watched him tear down a rail fence for her to pass, with as complete a momentary unconsciousness of her capacity to swing herself lightly over it as though her former self were that of a previous existence. She accepted without even repressed resentment his anxious comfortings during a thunderstorm, she

listened docilely to a, b, c, explanations of political matters, she let herself be helped over tiny brooks, calmly she heard him explain quite incorrectly the workings of their host's automobile, she drank in elementary lectures on history; all with an ease which made her say to herself vaguely: "If he *should*—if I *did*—why, perhaps I *might* be able to keep it up the way Dolly does."

In general, however, she was incapable of making even so rudimentary a reflection on her situation. She had told herself at first, that just for once she would let herself go; and now she realized with a startled quickening of her blood that she had gone far beyond her own control. She still laughed a great deal, but it was generally an excited, unsteady mirth. Once in a while it seemed to her that Mortimer's answering laugh had something of the same agitation in it, and as the time for his departure drew near, she grew more and more sure of it. It comforted her own scared confusion to know that he was perturbed, and on his last afternoon, as they were driving together, it steadied her nerves to feel his so electrically throbbing.

She filled in the long silences by saying to herself, "It's coming—it's coming"; and when Paul began to speak, she knew by the sound of his voice before she understood a word, that it had come. He said, halting and hesitating, "I can't think of anything else but that I'm going away to-morrow. I don't know when I'll ever see you again, if I don't say now—" and then with a rush, "Oh, Betty, do I need to say it—don't you *know* without my—" His voice failed him, and there was another silence.

Elizabeth looked down, watching the road stream past under the rapid wheels. Deep somewhere in her body a little pulse began to tick as if presaging a faster beating of her heart at his next words. She glanced up quickly, struck by his silence, and was moved to pity by the acutely miserable look on his face. She wished she could reassure him, let him know that he need not fear a repulse; perhaps she should answer now and not wait for——

The big bay snorted and shied at a piece of paper in the road. Before Paul could shift the reins for a closer hold a gust of wind flapped the paper across the horse's knees and he reared suddenly with a wild snort of terror. The checkline broke, snapped forward, and struck him a sharp blow across the nose. Elizabeth had just time to grasp one side of the dogcart as the frightened animal came down from his

Continued on page 125.

Philosophy at the Front

By John Arbuthnotte

Illustrated from Photographs

ONE outstanding fact of high significance in the future of the world has been developed by the war. Germany never refers to Great Britain, the British Empire, or the United Kingdom, but always to "England." Standing aside for a moment and remembering conditions of only one year ago it is evident that German hate has carried forward unchanged the notion that all our appanages were parochial, and in great or less degree parochially concerned, indifferent to imperial affairs, and inclined to treat the Mother country upon terms differing but slightly from those governing our relations with other countries.

This really was the frame of mind throughout the Empire—the outcome owing to a calm world and a long peace. Imperial growth had been too rapid for a really imperial consolidation, circling the globe. The war changed all that in a day. The Mother country had no need to utter a single call for help. Upon the first flash of news that war had been declared the over-seas dominions drew to the colors with an alert rapidity that might almost have been said to put the home shires to shame. The particularly unlimited resources of Canada and Australia in men and money were laid immediately at the command of the Imperial government.

The scenes of the first few weeks are vivid still in the minds of our people here in Canada. From the present cities of the old Dominion to the hamlets of both coasts, feeling was profoundly stirred, and action followed feeling. We of Canada, untouched by the routine of long established custom and insular complacence of the people at home out-rushed them in alacrity. Those who have visited England, even in the early months of the present year will tell you that aside from the appearance of men in khaki in the streets of the cities, life appears to move about as it had been moving since Victoria ascended the throne. Great Britain is slow to anger and slower to act. So long as the soil of the Islands is free of invaders' feet it is difficult for their comfortable citizenry to realize war at all. Great Britain has a way of finding herself involved in wars for which she is unprepared. But she is not in a way of losing wars. She wakes slowly, but when she is fully roused to action she goes through, leaving the cost to be counted later on. This time her sons across the water, and especially those in Canada were at her elbow almost before her sons at home began to gather.

[BARELY A MATTER OF "THE DAY'S WORK" WHETHER IT'S TAKING A TRENCH OR BEING SENTRY

We have furnished the Mother country an army of quality and spirit, and from the moment of their entry in the fight our men have drawn the attention of all Europe not only for a cool and steady courage but for a dash and valor more brilliant than the same traits in their brothers of France Letters to the people at home, some of them written in the most matter-of-

THE ENFORCED INACTIVITY OF DAYLIGHT IN THE TRENCHES IS SOMETIMES HARDER ON THE SOLDIER'S NERVE THAN HAVING TO FACE A REGIMENT OF RIFLEMEN

fact way, unconsciously display these things. Here is a passage from a letter written to his mother by Private Philip Samson of No. 2 Company in the Montreal Royal Rifles:

"We have just come out of the trenches," he says, "for a little rest. I cannot express myself in regard to the coolness of the men under fire, for nothing can equal the courage of our boys. With shot and shell flying about their heads they smoke, read, write, cook and shave, the same as if they were at home. I have had several close calls, but a miss is as good as a mile. I had to go back from the firing line about a mile with two of my mates for water, the other night. We succeeded in getting the water and were returning when a machine gun broke loose on us. Of course, we dropped at once, lay still for a while, got up, ran about fifty yards before we were forced to drop again. They fired on us four times before we got back, but no one was hurt. When I went to give out the bottles to the fellows I found two of them had been hit and a piece of my gun had been shot away. That was my first. The second came as I was shaving. They had shelled our trenches pretty hard during the last two days. One of the shells broke overhead, and part of it smashed down at my feet."

He says the officers are doing all they can for the comfort of the men, but that the commissary is awfully shy on the cigarette supply.

It is all in the day's work. Here is a young fellow taking his shrapnel while he shaves, just after a German machine gun had ripped two water bottles from his shoulders and knocked the butt off his rifle, complaining that he is not getting cigarettes enough. And remember that this letter (and some of the others that I shall quote) was written only a few weeks after the Canadians arrived in France.

"When a soldier gets a little bored over the enforced inactivity of daylight in the trenches" wrote Private Combe, of B company 8th Battalion, Winnipeg 90th Rifles, late in March, "he walks up to his officer and requests permission to go sniping for an hour or two and unless for a good reason permission is generally granted. Psychologists at home may be disposed to view with alarm the problem of the moral affect of sniping on the sniper. They may cogitate upon the possibility of callosity over bloodshed becoming a habit and of complications resulting when the regiments return to their avocations of peace. I have talked with snipers, both professional and volunteer, and find that to a man they are impelled to their work by two considerations—a lofty sense of duty and the desire to escape the monotony of trench life. Very few go at it 'for the sport of the thing' and in disregard for the sanctity of human life."

Private Combe philosophizes between shots. Now read what he says about the psychology of action.

I wondered, as I sat under shrapnel fire for the first time, to my shame, if I were alone in my great fear or if others felt the same way. I looked out of our dug-out and saw a platoon sergeant, not a veteran, passing—his face was blanched and his lips trembled but he was very much at his post nevertheless. Soon a major happened by. He, too, was pale and set of face. I felt my pulse and found it beating about 90 per! I felt that of a non-commissioned officer beside me. His was at 88! Another man in with us had a pulse of 96! So I gradually took heart and spread the story of my 'funk' and recovery therefrom so that any possible 'weaker brethren' might realize and so gain courage, that such fear was the usual first experience of poor devils of humans, helpless under the lash of impending death. I don't like shrapnel fire and I don't think I ever shall—indeed I would rather face a brigade of riflemen (and I think I speak the experience of most soldiers)—but I can now face it calmly, realizing that though life is sweet, there is considerable bitter-sweet also and that, barring the bereavement for my lovers at home, I can face death almost with resignation. Is this bravery, cowardice commercialism or merely a wonderful and universal human power of adaptation to environment? If only a fellow could die with a rifle barking from his shoulder or with his bayonet drenched in blood it would be different, but this soul-paralzying inactivity and hiding from death by shrapnel is what tests a man's nerve."

Constable Alexander Bain formerly a member of the Ottawa police force tells chief Ross of a little incident that cost him ten days out of his life as an incident of service. "We had orders to charge the German trenches," says Constable Bain, "with the bayonet.

Well, it was not a success. In my company only forty-three returned out of a hundred and eighty odd. Only two of my section along with another corporal were left. When we were returning the corporal was wounded. After taking the two men back I returned to assist the corporal. I got him on my shoulder all right but I got tangled in the barb wire which the Germans had in front of their trenches I struggled to get up, but the more I struggled the worse it got. The stretcher bearers brought both of us in Saturday morning. The corporal was dead, and I had lost my memory. I was delirious for ten days and don't remember anything until I found myself in the hospital."

Constable Bain is fairly representative. An excitable man would have written a more picturesque letter. The experience warranted some effort at "literature," but here instead is a thoroughly good specimen of Anglo-Saxon soldiership, the author confining himself strictly to essentials. He is now getting ready to go back to take up his work where he left off.

Lieutenant Nimmo Scott, of the 8th Battalion, 90th Winnipeg Rifles, takes things lightly enough: "Came out of the trenches late last night," he says, "after being in them for three days and nights. After a short rest we go back again—you see we have our regular front now alloted to us and alternate with the tenth battalion in manning it It certainly is interesting and at times exciting, especially if you forget yourself for a minute and let your head show above the trench, when you are quickly reminded that a sniper is watching for you. It is interesting, too, when they begin shelling your trench with shrapnel. We put in an afternoon a few days ago that wasn't exactly comfortable, as their shells were bursting practically right on top of us

"A large number of the beggars can speak English and are continually shouting across at us. The first night we were in the trenches I was surprised to hear them singing 'Yip-i-addy-i-ay' (you know what I mean if I haven't spelled it correctly.) The other night one of our men when it was pitch dark fired five shots in rapid succession at a spot where he knew the German outpost men usually were. All the reply he got was a shout from the German trench, 'Shut up, you damn fool. You are keeping us all awake.'

"I was out in front of our trenches the other night examining our wire entanglements. It was very dark and there was hardly a shot being fired. I got fairly well in amongst the wire when they started some heavy rifle and machine gun fire on our immediate left; also they began shooting fire balls into the air. You ought to have seen me beat it; and then the mix-up that I got into with the barbed wire made me look like a kitten in a ball of yarn. However, I got out of the mess, and it certainly didn't take me long to get over the parapet of our trench. I really don't know where we are at the present moment, although I presume it is either Belgium or Northern France. Anyway the buildings around here have all been pretty badly smashed."

It is worth noting here that with the possible exception of Constable Bain, the authors of the letters which I have cited were until their enlistment young business men who had little inclination and less opportunity for philosophizing thought or speech. They offer a sharp contrast to letters written by French soldiers from the front, as shown in a recent issue of Colliers. War brings out pretty much all there is in any man. This war is going to be a stimulant of mind and character in the man who will survive it. It is erroneous to assume that the experience of military service in any way affects either the general humanity or the intrinsic character of any man. He returns to his home fiberised, in many ways a stronger soul. The excerpts show that process in the working

It would be unfair to close this article without acknowledgment of the depths to which the war has stirred all English speaking peoples. The sentiment of the United States is well and truthfully presented by Professor Henry James, an American citizen whose reply to Preston Lockwood's attempt to make a joke about the war, is well worth quoting. He wrote: "Personally I feel so strongly on everything that the war has brought into question for the Anglo-Saxon peoples that humorous detachment or any other thinness or tepidity of mind on the subject affects me as vulgar impiety, not to say as rank blasphemy; our whole race-tension became for me a sublimely conscious thing from the moment Germany flung at us all her explanation of her pounce upon Belgium for massacre and ravage in the form of the most insolent 'Because I choose to, damn you all !' recorded in history."

TOMMY PREPARES LUNCHEON AS COOLLY AS IF SUCH A THING AS SHRAPNEL DID NOT EXIST AND BEWAILS THE FACT THAT THE COMMISSARY IS AWFULLY SHY ON THE [illegible]

The Dead Failure

BEING THE STORY OF CORRA WITH THE UN-ANGLO-SAXON EYES BOBBY THE FUNNY-COLUMN MAN, AND CAPABLE CLAIRE WHO NEVER REALLY SUCCEEDED UNTIL SHE FOUND SHE HAD FAILED

By Betty D. Thornley

Illustrated by James Burnam

TO begin with, this story has been written over three times. You see, I want to be fair to everybody, even down to Corra, and I'm not sure that I know how. I don't want to blame Claire entirely. And I don't want to blame Bobby. Indeed I'm not quite sure that the first and main fault doesn't lie with Mr. Geraldson for allowing himself to be bossed. For in the beginning, Claire and Bobby were very, very much in love.

When Miss Givens got married, the world lost its Perfect Private Secretary, and, after the manner of the world which often makes mistakes in filing its folks, it hadn't gained a Perfect Wife, though Claire herself was of the opinion that it had.

The directory used to list her in the offices of McColl, Geraldson, Hickson and Burns, where there were five-figure lawyers enough under one roof to make a new Privy Council if the Germans decided to blow up the old one. If you wanted Geraldson, you met instead a slim, firm-chinned, grey-eyed young person in the whitest of white shirt-waists and the pleasantest, most Ladies'-Home-Journally-appropriate office-manner in all the city. If you had real sure-enough business with Geraldson, she bowed you in. If you hadn't, she bowed you out. In any case, she was the subject of the sentence. You fitted in wherever she predicated.

"Business training is such a help to a girl going in for married life," said the President of the Suffrage Society. "It gives her an understanding of how to manage a man."

And that third last word is perhaps the key to the whole trouble.

Geraldson had put up with the management and even rather enjoyed it at times, because Claire had a perfect memory, perfect tranquility and withal perfect finger nails.

But the unfortunate part of it was that when Claire took on a wedding ring, a six roomed flat, and Bobby Heath, who'd never been managed in all his twenty-nine joyously scribbling years, she simply transferred her headquarters from the Traders Bank Building, uptown. And she didn't change her methods one little bit.

It really began with the daffodil livingroom, that rift in the Heath lute, whatever a lute is.

Claire had lived so long in hall bedrooms with red geraniums on the wall, or rather the morgue-colored, mummy-tinted memories of what used to be geraniums, that she wanted a room as pale and as positively un-useful as she could achieve. She herself looked well in yellow, with her mist-grey eyes and her black hair, so why wouldn't a daffodil room be just too perfectly charming as a background for her?

Bobby, three weeks married and very much in love, leaned against the wall with his hands in his pockets and demurred. Bobby was good at demurring, but a rank failure at straight-out contradiction, unless indeed he got mad.

"Couldn't you—er—wash it down to cream, or tone it back up to sort of golden brown or something?" he suggested. "I don't believe you'd like a lemonade room."

"Lemonade? Oh you horrid boy!" said Claire, affectionately. "Don't you go and parody my lovely daffodil room like you do everything else in your nasty column."

WHAT WAS HEARTACHE? WAS IT THIS RENDING, RACKING THING INSIDE OF HER, THIS SOUL-SICK-UNTO-DEATH-NESS THAT SEEMED TO RIP THROUGH HER BRAIN?

And that was all there was to it, except a batch of decorators, and a succeeding confection that looked like the inside peel of a squash. It wasn't a success. It was too raw in tone and Claire probably knew it, but it didn't occur to her to say so. If she had made a mistake in the filing, Mr. Geraldson was never interested to know why.

But neither Bobby nor Mrs. Bobby would ever be quite, quite at home in their living room.

Before Claire had owned a card with Mrs. on it, a "call" had meant a phone message you shoved through for the chief. Or, else it stood for what the chief handed you if the shoving wasn't good. For cardcase calls you have no time and less desire, when your day begins with sorting an irascible gentleman's 8.30 mail in a sky-high downtown office. Such visiting as you do is performed after hours in the boarding house, by scooting up the backstairs in your purple kimono and eating more chocolates than

are good for you, curled up on the cosey corner of your friend the switchboard.

But when, that dim autumn day, the tall grey-eyed bride threw her crimson roses down the length of the hall in front of the vestry — hating to waste the roses—and there wasn't any more Miss Claire, but only a much better-dressed Mrs. Bobby, the social observances swam into ken, and the neophyte took to her cardcase like she did to her black velvet suit with the fitch collar.

And why shouldn't Bobby be led bear-dancing out to afternoon teas as well? Being on an evening paper, he could always pry loose in time to rustle the curate, and he was so big and dark and good-looking that everybody loved to have him. The fact that they weren't his sort, and that a teacup made him tongue tied, didn't deter his wife. He'd get used to it

All this was bad enough. But it wasn't one-two-three to the place where she hurt him the worst and the most unintentionally.

THE CHATTER OF THE GIRL IN THE QUEER RED HAT FORMED A VAGUE SWIRLING BACKGROUND OF SOUND THROUGH WHICH THERE CAME TO HER THE UNBELIEVABLE TRUTH

Bobby wasn't the sort of man you look up in the phone book under the Smiths only to have Information tell you that they've had it taken out Bobby was a sure-enough personage in the city of his choice and there were few lunch counters where he wasn't propped up in front of the sugar bowl and ha-ha-ed over.

But Claire, who was above all things ambitious, conventional-minded and serious, (as became an ex-private-secretary), was secretly ashamed of that column. It would be a dignified thing to be married to a lawyer like Geraldson Jr., or even to an Arthurstringeresque sort of person who wrote real poetry that you didn't know just when to blush over, but a funny column man—!

And what made his wife more impatient than anything else was that she knew, yes *knew*, he had brains enough to succeed at anything. And here he was writing jokes!

At first he used to talk about the Column—he always capitalized it in his own mind, as you capitalize such words as baby, home and job, when they're your own—but he soon dropped that. Personally, he sorta loved the stuff, silly though it was, he loved the letters too that folks all over the countryside used to send in, and he sure did love to see the way the six o'clock public ate up his straphanger-ful humor

"It gets 'em! Gad, just don't it get 'em!" he'd chuckle, deep in the shy boy's soul of him as he saw the garlands of grin festooned around the car, "good little old Column! Say, I'm some benefactor, I am."

Then he'd come home to Claire in a taupe tailored housegown, and before he knew it, keyed to Column-pitch, he'd ask her jovially why she didn't dab on a red bow somewhere to liven it up.

You must't think that Claire was unfeeling. It was only that her type of feeling was the reservoir-on-the-hill sort, and his, big goodnatured blunderer that he was, was a dam with the bung out, or a thunder storm trying to get even with its arrears of raining And Claire, being only a grey-eyed girl and not a woman, was unable to visualize the emotions of a type other than her own.

The result was that Bobby became perforce, that apologetic sort of person, the man who isn't admired at home. And, being above all things male, he was anxious for somebody to take his judgments and performances with wide-eyed juvenility of belief. Claire never did. She sorted, she weighed, she analyzed and then said serenely, as she used to say to Geraldson, "Oh no, Bobby. You're quite mistaken."

And so things drifted along for eighteen uneventful months. Claire ordered the meals. And Bobby ate them. And more and more each came to think apart even while they sat together.

And then—enter Corra

She was a wispy little bit of a thing, like a drift of brown smoke. She had masses of tangled black hair that was never trim, yet never exactly untidy And her brown eyes — un-Anglo-Saxon eyes with three volume novels in each of them—were elfishly too big for her little brown face.

Nobody knew much about her except that she had come to the dramatic editor offering to do him some special write-ups for the Sunday. He didn't want the stuff especially, but there was a hard luck story and a four year old kiddie to support—Mr. Corra having sought fresh fields and pastures less sophisticated—so he took her on. And because there was no room anywhere else, and doubtless also because the Heath menage had been put together under an unlucky star, the managing editor gave her an extra desk and a lame-duck typewriter in Bobby's cubby hole of an office.

We want to be fair to the Corras This one had had a biography that wouldn't get by the censor perhaps, but she wasn't the sort who would have planned to hurt Bobby. The trouble was that she didn't plan not to. Which was what she should have done the minute the managing editor introduced them at the beginning of the winter.

By February Bobby was working at the office pretty nearly every night. By March he had cut out coming home to dinner. In April he told Claire one morning that he was going to Montreal in a day or two.

It was the following afternoon that suddenly out of a clear sky the girl who had always succeed

ed at everything, heard the truth.

She rode up to her doom in a grey-blue tailleur with an admiring elevatorful. There was something so absolutely, aloofly, daintily *satisfied* about Claire, that you couldn't help thinking she was somebody rather nice, just because she herself thought it so serenely. And then besides you know, she was pretty. And her suit was just a little better than Bobby could afford.

Strictly speaking, of course, Claire didn't belong to the Women's Press Club, since she did no writing except a signature of endorsation on the back of her husband's checks. But they were always glad to have her. Bobby was a Personage to them, even if he wasn't to his wife.

To-day there was the usual sprinkling of male humanity, or the semi-male sort who love tea and teacups and teaspoons and an atmosphere teetotally temperamental.

Serge Symonds wasn't a natural plate-passer. But he was young—oh very—and cynical—as least he hoped so—and he had a sneaking thought that the assistant society editor of the Tribune might look in on her way up town. She was eighteen and too fluffy to last long.

Meantime Serge drifted by natural instinct toward the prettiest girl then present, who chanced to be Claire Heath; and, because you don't have to be introduced at the Press Club, he dropped into confidences with his new grey-eyed divinity without the realization that she had a wedding ring under those immaculately white gloves.

By and by the conversation drifted skillfully, as all modern conversations do when there is a Serge Symonds at the wheel, in the direction of the he-and-she problem-belt.

"We've a funny case now down at the office," said the cynic, "I'm on the Times, you know. He's the dearest, most lovable chap in the world, just a perfect kid, for all he's over thirty. But he's the—oh, you know, the kind that wants some woman to hold hands with his soul all the time.

"Got married over a year ago. Say, he was the happiest fool you ever saw—*dippy* over her. She was some pippin too, they tell me, but one of these lady-o'-the-snows, you know, cold as Greenland in a freeze. Highbrow too. And he was just Plain Man."

Serge took a reef or two in his brows, cleared his throat oracularly, stuck his hands in his trousers' pockets:

"Well, believe me, that don't work. Can't have a one-sided game like that. Here's Bob, oozing admiration. Here's Mrs. Bob, takes it all, gives none in return. You know"

And then, while his listener froze into a grey-blue icicle of horror, Serge went on with his careless sketch, splashing in Corra, without undue emotion, as one of life's inevitablenesses, given an unappreciative wife.

"Fellows like Bobby shouldn't be locked up in the same ten by twelve room with man-eaters," he opined, shaking his wise twenty-four-year-old head. "If you've got to discuss your immortal soul with a woman, for heaven's sake do it out in the open. That's what I say. But it's no use. Every one of the fellows has tried to head it off. But those easy-going men have the very devil in them when they start to be obstinate. And then, what does our deus ex machina Managing Ed. go and do, but put Corra *and* Bobby on for that Montreal stunt next week! What do you know about that? Some of the fellows say she engineered the whole thing, but I don't believe it. It's Kismet, that's all, and if you ask me, it's just what's comin' to the Mrs. Bobbies. Only this one'll never know she's got it."

Claire heard him as one hears, in a dream, a whisper, half the earth away. The pleasant hum of general conversation, the tinkle of the teacups, the chatter of the girl in the queer red hat, formed a vague swirling background of sound, a phonograph record wrong-end-to through which there came to her the unbelievable truth.

Somehow or other she excused herself, walking down the four flights from the clubroom rather than trust herself among an elevatorful of people.

At the street she paused, her brain the vortex of a whirlpool of crazed thought.

But automatically her self control asserted itself.

"This is Sheridan Street," she said slowly, "and I am Claire Heath. And I must walk, quietly, qui-et-ly, past this store. And past this one. And this one. Then I'll turn down on Bond Street, so."

It was a very white, still-faced girl who stepped out of the elevator and let herself into her own daffodil room. She had only one idea—to pack her suitcase as quickly as possible and go. The destination didn't matter. When a woman had been treated as she had been treated, that was the one and only possibility

When Claire boarded the train, the observation carful was just about to yawn itself to the Pullman. The fat drummer in the end seat was accustomed to wake up every time the twelve-carred train jarred itself to a stand-still—and that was every ten minutes or so on this road—and the fairhaired bit of discontentedness across the aisle didn't expect to get a wink anyhow on account of Angel—pink and four—and the young man biting his finger nails hadn't given himself the chance to sleep for the last week. Anyhow, the whole crowd had read Life and the dailies, so, having got all the getting, why wait?

Claire's advent had disturbed nobody nor did their departure disturb her. All that they had seen was a tall slim girl in blue with a rather shabby suitcase. It hadn't struck them that there was any special story seething itself to manward behind those stone grey eyes. The merest brain tornado in her world wouldn't stir the page of the thrice-new paper.

At the last struggle summoned his last bit of resoluteness and left the car. Claire turned a little in her chair so that it squarely faced the window and gave herself to the monotonous slide of the blurred landscape across the backgrounding screen of pale sky. There was a moon, and a star or two, low over the restless hills that fled off, west and west, into the night.

The train jarred along, as ruthlessly as life itself, pounding out the minutes, whether the passengers woke or slept. But the clamor of it was as the calmness of moonlight compared to the hoarse chant that roared itself through Claire's soul—"I'm going away! I'm going away! I'm going away!"

A farmhouse flickered across the window pane, a tiny cuddling bit of homesomeness in the November dark. It had a light in it.

Years and years ago she had had a home. And Bobby.

Her thoughts flew back to the first time she had met him—brilliant, capable, irresponsible boy that he was. How he had talked, and how she had admired the restless play that he tossed off so easily, and how she had told it all over to her friend the boarding board——

She remembered her wedding trip, and how Switchie had caught them and was therefore due to be next married.

Married? God, were all marriages like this?

Why? Why?

That word somehow dropped into Claire's mind and linked up its fatal machinery with a click. Since she had heard the careless gossip, she had acted on impulse, blind and dumb. Her mind was anaesthetized and her brain was dead. Action had shortcircuited by way of instinct.

But now that a problem, an honest-to-God something to work on, was set in at her, the old terribly capable Claire seized on it. Her mind would shake it to pieces as it had done so often with weak spots in Mr. Gerald son's office routine.

Why was it that Bobby, her boy, whose ring she wore—still wore—

Continued on page 106.

AUSTRIA
GERMANY
LEXINGTON

The Mystery of the Jade Earring

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS

Jeffrey, a successful artist, undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith" a portrait of her dead niece taken from a photograph. For some strange reason, the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow.

The story opens at the point where he returns to find his friend Drew (who tells the tale) at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn, discussing a mysterious murder. Oddly enough, the murdered girl—a singularly beautiful woman with masses of fair hair—was found frozen in solid ice, clad in a ball-gown which had been put on her after she was shot through the heart. Next morning Jeffrey telephones for Drew, and when he hastens anxiously to the studio, says the portrait has been stolen. By a bit of amateur detective work, they find the man who stole the frame and he confesses, but swears that he never touched the painting. On their return to the studio, Jeffrey learns that Togo, his valet, had removed the picture from the frame, but they cannot find it. Jeffrey relates some of his uncanny experiences in his Paris studio, one of which was seeing a light in his window, and on going in quietly to surprise the intruder, hears a door shut and finds a candle still warm but a vacant room. Jeffrey goes to Etaples to get rid of the cobwebs and regain his nerve. Returning he finds in his studio an unfinished portrait of a beautiful girl, with the paint still wet, and giving evidence that the artist had painted her own likeness from a mirror. Next morning the portrait had disappeared. He decided to leave Paris, and on the night before his departure was standing on a bridge when he noticed a woman leaning against the rail. The hood about her head fell and it was the girl of the portrait! Two years later he received the Meredith commission. On opening the photograph he finds the face of the ghost girl of his Paris studio. Dr. Crow is announced, presumably coming for the stolen portrait. Drew sees Crow in Jeffrey's place, and sensing an unasked question in Crow's assertion that in the portrait Jeffrey has succeeded in getting beneath the surface and has presented the likeness really more vividly than the photograph, tells him suddenly that Jeffrey had a studio in Paris—a year after Claire Meredith died. Was it the light, or was Dr. Crow actually paler? Drew and Jeffrey discuss Crow's interest in some details contained in the portrait which were not in the photograph, particularly a bluish green streak under the ear, which resembled a jade earring. Jeffrey explains that this was in the ear of the girl on the bridge. Drew asks if it was "like this"—displaying the earring. While looking for a card Crow had dropped it. The police lieutenant tells Jeffrey he has found the portrait among the effects of a raided spiritualist. A crude picture had been painted over the original, but when Jeffrey scrapes this off, Richards exclaims, 'That's the girl they found frozen in the ice." Between them, Jeffrey and the lieutenant work out the theory that the portrait was stolen to "make a ringer" for the dead Miss Meredith, so that the spiritualists might impose on the credulity of the wealthy and eccentric aunt. After the murder of the substitute girl, the fakers took fright and painted over the picture in order to hide it. A Japanese post card sent to Jeffrey's valet Togo, supposed to be in league with the gang, is found to contain their new address. Gwendolyn goes to consult the clairvoyant, who admits herself a medium, but says she fears the police. A seance is held at Gwendolyn's house, where the medium, terrified by the sight of an unplanned manifestation—the murdered girl—screams and faints. An unknown man rushes to her aid and asks her, "What was Irene Fournier to you?" While in the next room, Gwendolyn explains the trick—the use of an irridium mirror—the man, who turns out to be the medium's husband, has an opportunity to talk with his wife. A sudden shot summons the police. The woman says she has fired on her husband and then tells how Irene, a murdered girl in their house, became their confederate, discovered Miss Meredith, assisted in producing a telling materialization, but was unable to entice the client to return. Irene then disappeared, while the husband was away from home. The medium concludes with the words, "I killed her," which Richards accepts, but Jeffrey will not believe. A week later the lieutenant turns up, asking the latter's help since the medium has established an alibi.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"Now look here," said Richards. "I'll say anything you want me to say; admit anything you want me to admit; but I want you to stop this nonsense and tell me what you know about this murder."

"That's easy," said Jeffrey. "I don't know a blessed thing. I hope to, though, within a day or two."

"Try again," said Richards. "You can't get away with that. You just said you didn't know the Barton woman had an alibi. Well, then, how could you be so dead sure she hadn't murdered Irene Fournier, in the face of her own confession that she had, unless you knew the person who really had done it?"

"Why, I simply had a theory—", Jeffrey began.

"What I want is facts," interrupted Richards. "I've a theory of my own."

"What is it?" asked Jeffrey.

"I'm not going to tell it," said the lieutenant, "until you come across with some of the facts that I am sure must be in your possession."

"Oh, well," said Jeffrey, "then I'll tell *you* what your theory is. Irene still figures as the home-destroyer. She deliberately infatuated Barton and ran away with him. The two quarreled; Barton found out something about her past, perhaps grew jealous of some other lover, and killed her. Then he came home to his wife—confessed to her perhaps, or perhaps not. Anyhow, he painted out my portrait on the canvas Irene had 'borrowed.' Perhaps his wife guessed from that when the body was discovered."

"He did paint out the portrait all right; that's no theory," said Richards. "I know the shop where he got his paints and brushes."

"All right," said Jeffrey; "that strengthens the case. Well, it preyed on the Barton woman's mind until, when she saw Irene's face appear in the mirror, she blew up, made a scene, got her husband into really serious danger, and then made a confession to get him out of it. That's about the size of it, isn't it?"

"Well," said Richards, "have you got a better one?"

"I don't know that I have got a better one," said Jeffrey; "only that one doesn't seem to me quite conclusive."

"What's the matter with it?"

"Why, to begin with, there's Barton himself. Barton's distinctly middle-aged, he's getting a little fat, his hair's thin on the top—"

"Don't talk nonsense," said Richards.

"It isn't nonsense," said Jeffrey. "I don't quite see why Irene should be so anxious to run away with him."

"He's just the kind pretty young women run away with," said Richards. "When they happen to be millionaires or something of that sort. But Barton—why, he's just his wife's understudy. I can't see why Irene should want him. And then, for the other half of the picture, look at Irene herself. Do you remember what Mrs. Barton said about her the first time she saw her?"

CHAPTER XII.

THROUGH THE GRILLE.

"A CONFESSION!" I cried. "Something to do with this murder? Where did you get it? Who did you get it from?"

"I'll tell you all about it," said Jeffrey. "I'd like to see what you think. Because I never was more puzzled in my life."

He smoked half the cigarette before he said anything more. I sat still and waited. I knew what he had to tell me would be worth waiting for.

"But if you and Richards think," he began again, "that I've been lying on flowery beds of ease, spinning theories, you're very much mistaken. I've been doing the grimiest kind of detective work, including an attempted burglary. I've been scared, at a conservative estimate, out of three years' growth; I've followed false leads. Oh, Richards would sympathize with me if he knew the whole story."

"Why didn't you tell him?" I asked.

"I'm not ready yet," said Jeffrey. "You'll see plainly enough when I get through."

"You said you followed a false lead," said I. "Were you looking up the woman too—the Barton woman?"

"No," said Jeffrey; "I had to have some color of probability about what I was looking for. That Barton woman's confession wouldn't have deceived a child. No. I started in on the Jap."

"The man who played the organ at the séance?"

Jeffrey nodded. "It cost me four solid days," he said, "and got me nowhere. Oh, it was interesting enough in itself, and it did throw an interesting side-light or two on Irene Fournier's character but it doesn't unlock our mystery. That fellow's at the head of a regular secret service—a sort of blackmail syndicate. He's as much feared in certain quarters as any man in the city.

"I got a hint from Richards himself when I realized what an unhealthy lot Togo knew about my affairs. Everybody treats Japanese servants like that. We know so little about their concerns that it never occurs to us that they're taking an interest in ours. But the Japanese is a born spy. It's perhaps the most conspicuous talent he possesses.

"This fellow had genius enough to organize it. There are thousands of Japanese servants in this country, and apparently a good proportion of them report to this chap. The spiritualists, and divorce-while-you-wait lawyers would be nowhere without him. But he seems to have met his match in Irene.

"She used him to hook Miss Meredith and to get my portrait, and she must have had some hold on him or she wouldn't have dared play fast and loose with him the way she did. Evidently she gave him the slip completely. He stayed on with Mrs. Barton, apparently in the hope of picking up the trail there again.

"Even after he discovered that Irene was murdered he evidently hoped to pick up something big in a blackmailing way. I doubt if he thought Barton did it, or the game wouldn't have seemed worth the candle. But it is equally evident that he thought Barton knew some things that would interest him.

"There I am inclined to agree with him. We may run across him again, or we may not. My guess is that he pulled out of the affair altogether when he found us in it. He took up four perfectly good days of my time, anyway."

Jeffrey fell into another long, thoughtful silence, and finally I prompted him.

"Well," said I, "what did you do next?"

"The next thing I did," said Jeffrey, "was to get that frame back from the decorator who stole it and pay the poor devil a hundred dollars. Under the law I believe that's compounding a felony. But it's making a friend, anyway, and that's more important. I mounted the portrait in the frame, had it boxed up, wrote Crow a note telling him that I was sending it to Miss Meredith's town address, and that I would call the next day—that's yesterday.

"I said in the note that I was very anxious to see Miss Meredith, as I thought I had some things to tell her that would interest her. I told him I understood that he hadn't felt it wise heretofore that an interview should take place between Miss Meredith and myself, but that I thought there were important reasons why he should reverse his decision. I made it as clear as I knew how that I meant business.

"Just the thing, I should think, to put him on his guard," said I, "if he's got any subterranean reason for avoiding such an interview."

"Exactly," said Jeffrey, with a nod. "I meant to put him on his guard. I got a polite

THE NIGHT BOAT CUT OUT BOTH RAILWAY STATION AND HOTEL—TWO GOOD PLACES TO AVOID IF YOU RE ALSO TRYING TO AVOID OBSERVATION

note from him by a special messenger late that same afternoon, saying that Miss Meredith would be glad to see me. When I got that I put a suit of pyjamas in a bag and caught the night-boat up the river."

"You what!" I exclaimed.

"Of course," he said, "if I had really meant to see her, I shouldn't have written any note. I'd have taken the portrait in a taxi and gone to the house without any warning. I felt pretty sure that when he knew I was coming he'd send Miss Meredith out for a drive or convince her that she wasn't strong enough to leave her bed, receive me himself when I called, and entertain me with a polite excuse that I couldn't possibly quarrel with. By that means he'd get the portrait, which undoubtedly he wants, and at the same time deprive me of any excuse for repeating my visit."

"Then, you didn't want to see Miss Meredith?" said I.

"Why, yes. I've wanted to see her for some time. But there was something just then I wanted more. Drew, do you believe in the atmospheres that hang about places? I don't know that I believe in them myself, but I feel it. I wanted to see the country house where Miss Meredith lived—the place where I understand she stayed all last summer and late into the fall. Do you know where it is she lives?"

"I don't believe I do," said I.

Jeffrey looked at me fixedly. "She lives," he said, "at a place called Beech Hill. It's ten or twelve miles from Silver Springs—up the river from Silver Springs."

"There's something familiar about that name, but I don't place it."

"Silver Springs," he said, "is where that ice-cutter found the body of—well, we'll go on calling her Irene Fournier for a while yet, just to be on the safe side."

"Jeffrey," I gasped, "you don't mean that Irene Fournier is only another name for—"

"For Claire Meredith? No, I don't mean that yet. I mean exactly what I say. That, for the present, we'll go on calling her Irene Fournier."

"And Beech Hill, Miss Meredith's country-place, is that—near the river?"

Jeffrey nodded. "About ten miles up, as I said."

The suggestion fairly made my head spin. I cast my mind back in an endeavor to fit the facts we had about her—about the mysterious vision Jeffrey had had in Paris, with this new theory of his. He saw what I was doing and interrupted me.

"Don't stop to think yet," he said, "Listen! That old house—Beech Hill—has been drawing me like a magnet. I didn't know exactly what I expected to find there, but I knew, as well as I know to-day, that if I could prowl around there by myself—if I could get into that old house on any pretext, or on no pretext at all, and see the background to the picture—that some of the things that must have happened in the foreground of it would begin to soak through. Richards would laugh at that, wouldn't he? But I tell you, Drew, it's gospel truth."

"But why in the world, if that was what you wanted, did you make the appointment with Miss Meredith?"

Jeffrey gave his head the little shake I was so familiar with

"It does seem rather a fool thing to have done, because I suppose I might have anticipated exactly what happened. Of course, what I wanted is plain enough. I wanted to give Crow something to amuse himself with. I wanted to make sure that he'd be in town that day on the job. I had an idea that he'd been showing a certain amount of interest in my movements lately. I didn't want him opening the front door when I rang the bell at Beech Hill prepared to tell him that I was a house agent or something of that sort, and I thought my note the surest way of nailing him down in town."

"You don't mean to tell me," I exclaimed, "that he outguessed you, figured out what you meant to do, and got to Beech Hill ahead of you?"

"No, he didn't do that. He did a perfectly obvious thing—a thing so obvious that I never thought of it. But wait! Let me tell the story in order.

"My first plan was to take the evening train up to Oldborough, spend the night there, and drive out to Beech Hill in the morning. But, at the last minute, I changed my plan. I saw by the papers that they'd just started running the night-boats up there, and that offered several advantages. It cut out both the railway station and the hotel—two good places to avoid if you're also trying to avoid observation.

"And then the fog on the river these first mild days is good to look at. I generally sleep pretty well on anything that's moving, and so I counted as another advantage a good night's sleep."

He laughed ruefully.

"Didn't you get it?" I asked.

"I got," said he, "what I really think was the most horrible, abominable night I ever had in my life. I tried to go to bed early, to begin with, and that's always a mistake. Got into my bunk, turned out the light, and began waiting for sleep about two hours before its scheduled time to arrive.

"There couldn't have been many passengers, but, with the typical intelligence of his class, the purser put me in a stateroom next to one that was occupied. There was nothing but a thin wooden partition between, going up to within six inches of the ceiling and that space was left open and grilled for purposes of ventilation. Though what is gained by ventilating one stateroom into another, I never could see. I noticed before I turned off my light that one piece of the wire grille was broken and had been taken out. I had a notion to ask for another room, but I hate to act like a fidgety old woman when I travel, so I made the best of it and went to bed.

"The adjoining stateroom was dark at that time, the occupants, of it having evidently come aboard early and gone to bed. Because I heard a murmur of voices even then—two women's voices. Nothing they really said came through, for they'd evidently noticed my light and were talking low on purpose. But the inflections of one voice were somewhat commanding and the other a little bit servile. Some lady and her maid or companion, I judged them to be.

"Well, the sound of their voices was rather soothing than otherwise and the throb of the boat was rather pleasant. I got my muscles relaxed and my pillows comfortable, and I was, I thought, on the point of slowly drifting off to sleep, when I heard a [illegible] tittering laugh. It came from the next stateroom.

"Drew, there was something horrible about it. You may think that's imagination, or nerves, or post-mortem pessimism developed from something that happened afterward. But I tell you it wasn't. The sound of that laugh made my blood run cold. It wasn't loud or prolonged—nothing like the hysterical maniacal laughter that I had learned to expect, but somehow it didn't belong with those quiet, well-bred voices I heard. It was as disconnected as if it had been a phonograph record.

"I sat up in my bunk with the sweat standing out all over me. There was a rustle in the next room that sounded as if some one was getting out of the upper berth, and then the quiet voices went on again.

"Well, I lay down, swore at myself and told myself to go to sleep. But it wasn't two minutes before the laugh came again. It wasn't any louder this time, but it lasted longer, and the repetition didn't make it any the less horrible. I heard one of the voices shush that, but the other didn't speak. One of the two natural voices I mean. Pretty soon, though, another voice spoke. The same voice that had laughed spoke through a horrible sort of giggle.

"What it said was: 'Dead! She dead!' And then it laughed again.

"The one natural voice that was

Continued on page 108.

In the Forefront

GEORGE HAM, THE MAN WHO MAKES FOLKS FEEL GOOD; GEORGE LANGLEY, MINISTER OF MUNICIPALITIES FOR SASKATCHEWAN; JOSEPH F. SMITH, HEAD OF THE MORMON CHURCH

Genial George Ham

Of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who smiles with, at and for everybody.

By Betty D. Thornley

WHEN you meet a man whose friends never call him Mr. Jones or Jones M.P., but "J. J." or "Jonesy," you've met a man of consequence to the nicknamers. When the nicknamers extend over a county, a province, a country—when a whole nation tacitly agrees to drop the "mister"—what remains of the cognomen denotes a Personality. Admirable he may or may not be; likeable, slap-on-the-back-able he generally is; but not even his enemies will deny him the right to the left hand column on the front page.

England has two Georges. One was born to it, so the case isn't apropos. The other — the little Welshman — fought his way upward pursued by snarls.

Canada, risking all on a single throw, has just one—George of the Hand Shake, Genial George of the Grin, George of the ten-thousand-mile twin-steel-strip carpet of homage spread from his office in the Windsor Station, Montreal, clear out to the Coast—George Ham, of the C. P. R.

For twenty-four years this lord of laughter has presided over the humanization of a corporation. Sometimes they've called him one thing and sometimes another—head of the editorial department, official host, minister extraordinary and plenipotentiary to Ottawa, assistant aide de camp to Sir Thomas Shaughnessy. It's all one. He's Just George, Genial George. He smiles and gets 'em, whether the "them" indicated, turns out to be a delegation of over-their-specs editors, suspicious of colonials; continental, eastern or ultra-British nabobs dont-ye-know-ing it across the continent; or merely poor but honest newspapermen who have said things they hadn't oughter if they ever wish to receive any more transportation.

"Let George do it" is as good as done. And for a funny thing, the one done is perfectly tickled.

History assures us, having been longer on the job than the present writer, that "G. H." was born in Trenton, some sixty eight years ago. If there's anything in astrology, the Milky Way must have been one ripple of giggles on the auspicious night, and every meteor that tore earthward surely came winged with a chuckle. In any case, George grinned his way through as much school as he thought was good for him, smiled around Ontario for a while and finally blew out West in 1874, where Winnipeg was beginning to take herself seriously.

Strange to say, the 'Peggians didn't at first realize the splendor of the acquisition and George is said to have been "on the upper-upper of his uppers" until he drifted into typesetting and from there, up or down, according as your standpoint is poetic or utilitarian, he graduated into inkslinging.

You didn't sit in a swivel chair with your toes on a Persian rug in those days, even if you owned the paper. Neither did you flick open a pneumatic tube and let your copy soar to the empyrean and the lino operator. You sent "the" local man out after a yarn—if he wasn't busy busting a broncho on the plains or himself in a real estate office—and when the story arrived you ten-to-one set it yourself, laborious-and-cussingly, by hand. Our happy hero even went so far at one time as to raise the ads himself and distribute the papers in person to those who were sure-to-honest paid in advance.

All this was in the long ago before virtue was its own reward. George staid in Winnipeg for seventeen eventful years, during which the town let down her skirts tuck by tuck, put up her hair, and bloomed into belledom. And George bloomed with her, as managing editor of the *Times* and editor of the *Nor'wester*, as alderman, schooltrustee, and registrar.

During these years he also accumulated the largest and most variously assorted mob of friends ever seen in captivity. He was the original firstname man. You were Dan or Bill or Mary, whether you owned a road or operated at a washtub. And even betimes the roadowner and the tub operator might have been seen shaking hands under the magic beam of their mutual friend's approval!

GEORGE H. HAM
Who lives to boost Canada

Then it was that the telescopic eye of Sir William Van Horne lighted upon the man who made folks feel good, and, to the everlasting grief of Miss Winnipeg, carried him back east where they needed him more.

Since then he has led a rainbow-tinted, pullman-carred, toast-mastered existence as official host for the road, varied by office-days as official pacifier.

"When anybody loses anything, wants a pass, seeks information, has a grouch or simply doesn't know what he wants," says the *Journal of Commerce*, "he goes to George Ham and comes away smiling."

As an afterdinner speaker, George Ham has an international reputation. He has been called the "unprinted wit" of Canada. His stories are always good. His epigrams get the tickle spot. But that isn't the real reason why folks love to hear him. You can buy a copy of *Life* for ten cents no matter where you are. But there's only one George Ham smile, and you have to go where he is to get it. It tells you that George is all right, and you're all right, and so's the world. So—why worry? You feel your grouch slip off your shoulders and roll under the table, and a reflection of the original beam twists up the corners of your own mouth, lights twin-shines in your eyes, and slides a little trickle of content into the worried soul of you.

George Ham never laughs *at* anybody. He laughs *with* you. More still, he laughs *for* you. And then you laugh too.

If geniality is the first thing he stands for, generosity is certa nly the second. Generosity to a fault. It's a good thing Sir Thomas owns the Road and not George or it would carry so many widow-and-orphan excursions that it would drop its dividends. Yet even some of the charity jaunts pay. Not only has the official host conducted free-trans. parties of English and American journalists all over the map and into the diner, but Canadian men and women of the copy block have been taken to the show spots. And never asked to write.

In the spring of 1913, Mr. Ham convoyed the Women's Press Club to the coast, four cars of them, with adjectives dripping out of every window. He bears the distinction of being the only man-member of the organization and the best loved one of either sex. His thoughtfulness extended to every last lone requirement; he carried suit cases, he hunted up copy, he even planned a birthday party with a rose bouquet, he provided introductions, he arranged for side trips and wrote extra-special passes until, if he'd been anybody else, his smile would have fallen off into the ink well. And

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He Put The "Go" In Government

From Cakeshop to Cabinet, via the Grain Growers' Association and the Saskatchewan Ballot Box, George Langley, the farmers' friend, has made good

By J. S. Woodward

IF that day ever dawn that the Great Refreshment Provider do desire to perpetuate, by means of the billboards of this fair Canada, the rise to power of the humble born, choosing his ensample from the inhabitants of the Dominion, let him pause awhile at the instance which is here offered for approval.

Taking everything by and large, it may fairly be added that unless the G. R. P. as aforesaid avails himself of the opportunity of thus emblazoning the features of our hero, it is to be doubted if any other business man, plutocrat, organization, or institution will do so. For as is Lloyd-George to the Duke, so is George Langley of Regina, to the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, the Canadian Bankers' Association, the Canadian Shippers' Association, and every buyer, owner, speculator, mortgagee, and tax payer of the great, growing, and at this juncture about to be enormously wealthy province of Saskatchewan. And from these sources come the funds which erect the statues to the great and near great of a country.

It would be pleasant, did space permit, to trace in detail the rise to greatness of the subject of this sketch. Make no mistake about it, in the province to which he acts as Minister of Municipalities, the Hon. George Langley is considerable personality.

Not that 'twas ever thus; how could it be after the little tribute above? There is a story which is certainly "non e vere"—it is doubtful, in fact, if it be "ben trovato"—to the effect that the Hon. George was at one stage of his career a bus-driver in dear old London, and that he and no other is the hero of the celebrated "bus-driver" incident.

He himself says that he was a baker. One wonders if in his early days as he kneaded the dough (as a Minister of a prosperous province, he shouldn't need it, now) he ever pondered as to where the flour came from, his virile hands turned over. Do you suppose that he had ever a vision of himself swaying the emotions of the far off raiser of the grain? Do you think it occurred to him on the day that he paid less than usual for his flour, that some unfortunate toiler was to lose, in consequence, the rewards of the patient sweat of his furrowed brow Echoing having gone out of fashion there is no reply. And so the point view may be dismissed as a prett fancy.

Western Canada's "Red Book" say as follows of the Minister of Munici palities of the province of Saskatche wan.

"Farmer Born Saffren Walden Essex, England Nov 10, 1852 Cam to Canada 1893, etc, etc Addres Maymont Sask., Liberal."

For quite a few years the Hon Georg had hard sledding on his farm at May mont. There was no Canadian North ern Railway in those days, there was n province of Saskatchewan, there wa no such thing as a real estate boom in consequence there was no Saskatoo But after ten years or so, some of th farmers of the province used to ge together in the winter months to tal of their woes, revile tariffs, bank governments, and generally enjo themselves to the uttermost In thes gatherings old man Langley, as he w familiarly called used to show up pro mently He had pronounced socia istic ideas, he used to give utteranc to them in no uncertain voice; the fa that the Cockney accent was, and for that matter, unusually pronounce lent if anything enchantment to t scene. So gradually the delegate fr Maymont became a power in t G. G. A., as the Grain-growers Associ tion of Saskatchewan has now come be known. He was elected a direc and finally with Mr. Hopkins and M F. W. Green, of Moosejaw, formed o of a triumvirate in whose hands l the whole management of the incre ingly powerful organization At t juncture those exceeding v est politicians the Hons Walter Scott a Jim Calder, grabbed the member Maymont as he later became a made him a cabinet minister

There are not wanting those w say that by so doing they signed th own death warrant. Unquestiona the Hon George as Minister of Mu cipalities is putting into practise th socialistic theories he advanced w such vigor at the grain-growers' gath ings ten years previously. He devised supertaxes, unearned in ment taxes, and tax enforcements

the benefit of the actual farmer. To the everlasting distress of the mortgage company he has given municipalities power to levy taxes for killing weeds, gophers, potato bugs and mosquitoes, at least so the Tories will tell you. And they all go against the land and ahead of the first mortgage.

The theory of the Hon. George is not a bad one. There are some 100,000 votes in Saskatchewan and of these 75,000 are farmers. All you have to do is to soak the city dweller, the financial magnate, the speculator, and where possible the bank and the machinery company, and those 75,000 farmers will automatically mark their ballots for you.

It has worked out finely to date. But there are signs of a turning worm. The farmer, it is said, is finding out that the mortgage company won't lend money in a province where it can't get first security on the land. The richer farmer buys land to hold and doesn't like this supertax. Until the war broke out and forced city dwellers on the land the urban vote was getting nearly as big as the rural one. In fact it has been seriously stated that the Scott Government, which has to-day forty-seven seats out of fifty-three, might be near the end of its tether just through the machinations of the Hon. George. But no general election is in sight. The Government has been doing the right thing in the way of moratoria, and as Lloyd George is coming to appreciate the Duke, so the capitalist may learn to understand the milk in the Langley cocoanut. There will be a by-election ere these lines see print in a rural constituency adjoining the one for which Langley sits. The present member is one of the Tories in the House. If the people elect a Tory in opposition to the government it may well mean that the sun is slowly setting; and that there are new raingrowing pharoahs arising who will not recognize the superior merits of a Joseph a la Langley.

Whether he is getting in wrong with the farmer or not, no one could accuse our George of not being able to read the handwriting on the wall as quickly as the next man. At a meeting of the officials of the munici-

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Joseph Fielding Smith

The Great Head of the Mormon Church throughout the World

By W. McD. Tait

JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH prophet, priest, seer and revelator of the Mormon church throughout the world, has made two visits to Canada. His most important call was for the dedication of ground for the great Mormon temple started at Cardston in Alberta. The building, which is well begun, will be the first on British soil. The occasion of the visit was marked by a civic reception in the town of Cardston, the entire countryside turning out to see the great Mormon leader. The Mormon people are making rapid gains in Canada. They are the pioneers of Southern Alberta, and own upwards of 200,000 acres of land in this country, 67,000 acres of which was bought eight years ago from the Cochrane Ranch Company and is being colonized mostly by Mormons from Utah

Joseph Fielding Smith was born at Far West, Missouri, on November 13, 1838. He is the son of Hyrum Smith, brother of the original Joseph Smith, founder of the Mormon church. His mother was of Scotch descent, and from her the boy Joseph received his early education, with the Bible as text book.

In 1846, at the time the Mormons were compelled to flee from Nauvoo, Illinois, young Smith was six years old, and his mother a widow. His father, Hyrum Smith, had been killed by a mob at Carthage, Illinois, two years before. In 1848, when the long trek was made to Utah, the boy Smith, then eight years of age, drove a team of oxen across the western plains. Arriving in the Salt Lake valley, Joseph was nine years old and became a herd boy of the Mormon cattle. It is his proud boast that he "never lost a hoof," that is, none of the cattle ever died while he was herd boy.

The young fellow always showed remarkable brilliancy. At fifteen years of age he left his home in Utah for a missionary tour of the Sandwich Islands. He crossed overland to San Francisco where he worked till he had money enough to pay his passage. In four months time he had mastered the language of the Sandwich Islands, and could speak it fluently. He was called home from this mission at the time of the trouble with Johnston's army in Salt Lake City, but returned again in 1864.

In the years intervening, Smith served on a mission to Great Britain. It is related of him that he drove a team of mules across the continent and sold them at the seacoast to pay his fare to England. At a later time in his mission work in Britain he was made president of all the European missions and travelled over the whole continent of Europe

Returning to the Sandwich Islands, Joseph Smith claimed to have discovered the Spaulding document. This document is said by the opponents of Mormonism to be the one on which Mormonism is founded. They allege that one Spaulding, a clergyman, wrote a romance of a religious nature, and that his manuscript fell into the

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JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH
Who handles $1 600 000 of Mormon money annually

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The Pedlar lets down his Pack for the last time

Not a week before the front page of the morning paper carried the news that "Kit had left us, the manuscript came to hand—with its usual excuse for lateness—dear, laughing, wayward Irish Kit!

Did she know, do you think, she who could look so deeply and withal so kindly into the human soul—did she know that it was her last message?

The little poem reads that way, doesn't it? And the appeal for the War Babies

For thirty years she had stood in the front rank of Canadian journalism. Indeed, there are those of us who think that she founded and maintained a school of her own. And that she left no successors. She covered the biggest and most coveted assignments, side by side with men. She wrote quick, nervous English—splendid tragic English—words with scalding tears in them, and the true Celtic look-beyond that laughed upward, even while it wept.

But that isn't the biggest, strangest thing She had the love of every man, every woman with whom she had ever worked; and thousands who had never seen her, who didn't even know her real name, have written secret, sorrowful letters to her, and have found an understanding friend

Kit hated a hypocrite, but she loved a saint, who, to her way of thinking, was generally an ex-sinner, Christomorphosed. St. John the Beloved had the goodness of the gentle, the untried But St Paul, St. Peter the wayward, St Francis and St Mary Magdalene had come up out of great tribulation. It was this understanding of the weakest as well as the finest in human nature that made Kit's pity a thing to wonder at, her sympathy a thing to prize, her respect a thing to work for

If the sorrowful were her nearest, she had also a look and a laugh and a helping hand for the aspiring

There was once a girl who had read "The Woman's Kingdom" when her skirts were so short and her feet were so quick that she couldn't get away from "the gang" who played cricket—and wanted her to play too—unless she ran all the way up to the attic and hid under the eaves with her Saturday "Mail" Oh, how she loved the kindly, cynical paragraphs that sparkled up at her from the page, week by week! And how she yearned to write to Kit. But alas, she had no tragedy, and what would she talk about!

Years passed, and the little cricket-girl went into journalism herself She wrote her first big story—at least it was big to her. Next day's mail brought a letter addressed to the author of such-and-such a yarn (for it hadn't been signed), giving just the warm, brotherly, craftsmanlike appreciation that the writer's soul craved. It was signed "Kit." And to-day it forms one of the girl's treasures in a box in the same old attic where she read the "Kingdom"

One more reminiscence

A group of us were talking over the requirements for the successful newspaperwoman Strange to say, Kit hadn't spoken, though she had known and lived more than the rest of us hyphened together

At last she smiled at us

"Yes, it's all very important—the keeping your health, the broadening your interests, the reading for style and for information and for human touch. But the biggest lesson of all is to learn to take your bumps. That's where so many women fail —women with talent to burn."

Then she wouldn't say any more. She had had too many bumps perhaps to want to talk about them

The War had a tremendous effect on Kit's imagination. The cataclysmic character of it, the crash of civilizations, the fulfilling (as she believed) of ancient prophecy—all this was with her day and night, in her talk, her writing, her dreams

To-day, she knows. The eager, restless heart that said forever "Why?" now reads the answer. And, doubtless, is content.

Au revoir, Kit—great-hearted, quick-handed, sad-smiling Kit!

The world is a poorer, greyer place for one girl who loved you.—B. D. T.

LIFE.

A LITTLE grief, a little mirth,
To sooth the stony paths of earth
A little May, a little June—
And lo! the clock is tolling noon.

A little doubt, a little hope,
To sweeten life and give it scope;
A little dark, a little light—
And lo! the clock's run down at night

GREAT DEEDS

THE world is thrilling as I write, with the splendid episode of the Canadians at Langemarck. And every heart in Canada is overflowing with pride with sympathy for the bereft wives and mothers and sweethearts, and with joy in the achievement of "Our Boys" God bless them!

Is it not extraordinary that the shedding of blood seems to be the necessary seal of sacrifice? This is by no means the first time that Canadian blood has been shed in the cause of Empire, but never before has Canada had such an opportunity to show of what kidney her sons are built. As the New York Sun put it, "the Lion's whelp" showed

breed he came from a few weeks ago in Flanders

Some there are who depreciate the gallant rush made by the Canadians; we have even heard the arm-chair critics call our boys "rash and undisciplined." All I can say is, thank God for such boys, for their magnificent bravery and dash, for their love for the Canada they've so honoured in death, for their divine pluck and courage and loyalty to the Maple Leaf and the old Jack. Let us hope that never again will we hear a Canadian called "an American" in London; that never again will we hear about "those wild undisciplined Colonials"; never again will we be asked by mild boarding house "Missuses" if 'the real Canadians aren't Red Indians' that never again will we be bored to weariness by queries as to the bears that walk the Toronto streets, or the wolves that whine outside the doors of "your timber huts." We have put in resentful and strenuous days disputing such absurdities over there across the water But for all time now, the whole wide world will know and remember that in an hour of peril it was Canada that saved the situation, it was Canadian blood that put fresh color into the old, old Flag; that our men died like heroes for Canada's honour and glory, and that every woman of us over here native-born or not, who has lived for years in this bright, strong, hopeful country, adores Canada and though grieving, is proud and glad to know what Canada's sons have done.

It is difficult to write when emotion makes the pen tremble in your hand; when you have just laid down the paper with its pages of "Roll of Honour," and when your heart is very full indeed, yet (steady a moment, Pedlar!) through all the grief and sympathy, the big thrill of pride in Our Boys shakes the whole body. Well done, Canada!

THE HOLY WORD

PLUCK, they say, is the sacrosanct monosyllable. It is the most necessary of qualities, the big gun in the battle of life. Women need it even more than men for the commonplace routine that is often so pathetically heroic. Never did they need it as they do to-day when dire tragedy is added to the monotonous grind of daily life. The soldier in the trenches is, after all, living life at its fullest. He is for the moment the very heart of the world. Excitement, the lust of battle, the comradeship of his fellows, above all the doing things, big things, all help to keep him going.

Not his the suspense, the awful waiting, the maddening anxiety. That is for the woman at home. For her, too, the little daily tasks which sometimes make cowards of us all. Men and women who are timid in little things often show rare pluck in the big moments. The big moments are easier. The harness put on for occasion does not wear and gall and eat into the back as does that of every day life. I remember some moments—thrilling moments—when Death was grinning and holding out his bony hand towards me. One such moment was when an insane woman threatened me with a loaded revolver; another, when a train plunged to disaster; another when a leper touched me; and yet another in a hillside bush whence I saw shot men leap to death. But there is not one of these moments—saving perhaps that of the leprous touch—that I would not rather go through again than wash dishes three times a day. It takes no end of pluck to wash dishes. It is unseemly work and greasy. There is no glory or dash or adventure or danger in it.

Yet, alas! dishes must be washed!

MACHINERY OF WAR

AN AMERICAN officer once said to the Pedlar: "I don't think I ever saw anything human so wooden as the British soldier. He is a mere machine." I think I can see Thomas A. thrust his tongue in his cheek and screw his eyes up to laughing points at this highest of all praise in his wise estimation. A mere machine! What greater can be said of masses of men, horses and big guns which can be moved by the command of one man as chessman are moved upon the board? All the world is run by machinery. We sew, write, plant, reap and travel by it. We fight by it, and our "wooden" soldiers have conquered little worlds through it and will conquer again.

A BRITISH ATTRIBUTE

COOLNESS in danger has always been characteristic of the British, and there is a great deal of coolness mixed in with Canadian blood. Canadians also have initiative and originality, and no man can doubt their valour. Moreover our boys are not to be classed with the British Tommy A., who, though no end of a good fellow, is hardly to be rated with men who have given up good positions, both commercial and social, to join the colours. Highly educated Canadians have gone to the front as privates; well-to-do young men have thrown aside promising careers to go to the help of the world's greatest Empire. College men, professors, clergymen, doctors, have gone and are going—"Men of Harlech" all of them, filled with courage and daring and laughter and hope. The Red Badge of Courage shines among our Maple Leaves as amid the branches of the oaks of old England, as among the thistles, the leeks and the little shamrocks. Pluck—the sacred monosyllable—is the Keystone of the Arch of Empire, and Canada possesses it in no small measure.

THE AFTERMATH

"WHAT do you think will be the outcome of this war?" a reader asks the Pedlar. A tremendous question that, for a mere vendor of petty wares to attempt to answer. But going along the road, stopping to crack a jest with Tim at the cross roads, or wheedle the farmer's lass into buying a cherry-coloured ribbon to tie up her pretty hair, an old chap has time both to gossip and to think a bit: And here is the burden of his thoughts on war:—

That men will come out from the gory fields of battle the worse for the shocking experience; that if it does not teach us humility, we are lost. That, since it was the most learned people in Europe who brought about this horrible disaster, then civilization and education so-called, instead of improving, have set the world backward. After a hundred years of peace what do we see? A very madness of brutal fighting; an absolute forgetfulness of God and truth; a letting loose of primal savagery that proves how very thin is the veneer of civilization. The hundred years of peace represent money grabbing, the meanest sort of commercialism, divorce, luxury gone beyond decent bounds, appalling indifference to the poverty and misery of others, shocking religious indifference, lax morals, uncharity and abominable selfishness.

All this culminated in a war that has maddened the world. Christ is forgotten. We are no better than a pack of wolves long held in leash and loosed at last. And loosed in whose name? In the name of the great God in whom we must believe if we hope to lay claim to any reason at all. None but a fool, looking at the orderly sequence of the Universe, will deny God. The outcome of the war? Men unfit for other duties; men calloused and brutalized and numbed with horror. And to offset it—the mothering affection and care of woman; not in arrogant superiority, but in all-embracing, patient and divine love and sympathy and help.

THE CANADIAN WAR

MY Uncle Dudley has written a book on the Canadian War. It is the first of its kind, and a very good book. It is christened by Arthur Hawkes, who does not do it justice in his preface. But perhaps Arthur has reasons, like Birdie of the lean legs who was afraid to go over the stile first. Mr. Hawkes calls the book ("The Human Side" is the name of it) "an adumbration of a Point of View," which it undoubtedly is. It deals with various aspects of the great war as it affects Canada. We have chapters on the Recruit, the Belgian—a fine bit of writing that—Discip-

line, The War Party, and a Woman's Thoughts on Canada at war. The style reminds one of Robert Blatchford, the which U. N. C. Dudley may take as a compliment.

It is good journalism, vivid, bright, and inset with humor. We read it to the end and like Oliver Twist hungered for more. The price of it is fifty cents, and you can get it from the Canadian War Press (Toronto). "The Human Side" is fittingly illustrated by H. W. Cooper, and it is our opinion that my Uncle Dudley has done himself proud. There are touches of pathos—mere touches—in these sketches, and no end of human interest. Looking it over again we were impressed with the likeness of this Canadian journalism to Alex. Thompson (Dangle), Blatchford, and that little Socialist group of vivid writers who circle around the Clarion. Not that Uncle Dudley is a Socialist. He has too much humour for that. Indeed we rather suspect him of a leaning towards "Votes for Women."

You will like this little paper book.

WEDDING PRESENTS

IT IS not at all fashionable these days to give wedding presents. What a relief, my dear Madam! In piping times of peace it was all very well to give Angelina and Ernest their household furniture and all their silver plate, though it was a serious tax, too, if your circle of acquaintances was large. The war has stopped all that, which is one benefit that accrues from it. Only the other week a London military bride sent back all the bon-bon dishes and ormolu writing tables and cut glass pitchers which her dearest friends had accumulated and sent to her. She wrote the sweetest little notes saying how grateful she was, but at this dreadful time, etc., etc. Even marriage settlements are reduced. Everybody is feeling the pinch for money. In fact the only person whom the war does not in the least seem to upset is Susannah, the "maid of all work". She goes merrily on smashing the best china and singing loud hosannas over her dish washing, sure that on the correct day her correct cheque will find its way into her imitation crocodile purse. The "pinch" alas! is upstairs, and there will be neither the long-deferred new dining room rug nor living room curtains this year. Whatever happens Susannah must be protected.

THE WAR BABIES

A GRAND opportunity these little fatherless creatures will give woman to show her real worth in the world. Thousands of khaki babies will be launched on the world as the outcome of this giant war. It is merely hypocritical to prate of purity and morality in the laughing face of Nature, who takes care of every living race of human, animal, or plant-life. Many good but non-understanding women will hold up shocked hands and raise shocked voices at the depravity which has overtaken young women and girls. But that is not the way to face this sort of problem. We must solve it sanely and practically, not by stone throwing or averted glances. Uni-sexual segregations of either sex are bad and unhealthy. You cannot close up thousands of young men in camp without expecting more or less emotional rebellion. The uniform has its allure. The meanest sort of a man looks well and fit in khaki. The girls hear nothing but praise for the fine young heroes, and the F. Y. H.'s "wink the other eye". And old Dame Nature laughs.

The point is that the little children who come into the world branded as "War Babies" must not be branded as outcasts. And it is woman's great duty to see to this. The State should provide for them. Believe me, they will be wanted. Governments asked for the men and made the conditions. Let Governments take care of the offspring and bring them up in decency to efficient manhood and womanhood. Here is work for women greater than suffrage work. Let us insist that these young mothers have decent homes, that the children have their "place in the sun". Armies we must have, it seems. The country must be saved, even if morals go to the wall. But let us abandon the cruel and hypocritical attitude so long held by "purely respectable people," and go out and gather from the roads and laneways the little innocent creatures who are the cruel outcome of our nonsensical wars, our absurd and shocking "civilization," our conventional mock-modesty.

Waiting

THE hardest thing in the world to learn to do is to wait.

It takes courage to lead a charge, to rush into a burning building, or to be thrown to the lions with a tom-tom and torchlight procession [accompaniment, but if you can be cast into the lower dungeon, fed on bread and water and memories of home for a week, and *then* come out and stand firm, you're a true-blue V. C. hero. It's the long pull and the dusty road, the waterless plain and the cloudless sky, that put the inquisition tortures on the soul.

I know a little woman who does her own work so that Bobby can go to Belgium with the overseas contingent and help bury "Kultur" deep under the ruins of Louvain.

The little woman is so crippled with rheumatism that she has to wash the clothes in a tub the size of a dish pan, and when she wants to put the things from one water into another, she tips them into the sink and lets them drain, in lieu of wringing them.

"When it comes to taking them out of the starch, I have to squeeze them," she says smiling, "but I think of Bobby's last letter and it doesn't hurt so much after all."

"And how do you sweep and make beds?" we asked her.

"Oh, I manage along" she assured us with that brave little smile "I think God will forgive me for having an untidy house sometimes since I'm turning out Bobby to tidy up Europe"

And so she creeps through the heavy duties of her common day and waits for the glory that is to be revealed when her boy comes home.

"They also serve who only stand and wait" But it's a hard, hard service. Inactivity cramps the mind, chills the soul. Thought returns upon itself endlessly, until the outer world of storm and sun and shine and shadow grows unreal, and nothing matters but the unknown answer to the ceaseless question — "Is it yes or is it no? When will the word come? *Will it come to day?*"

All waiting partakes of the same character.

. . . . .

IT isn't easy to see the snow falling when you dream of spring It isn't easy to watch the years passing when each pale sister shakes her head and says 'Not yet" It isn't easy to smile at the greying hair and the saddening face that you see in the mirror.

Courage to dare comes in the first-year work of life's great school. Courage to wait is last of all, and few there be that pass the stern examination.

And if the longed-for never comes if Bobby dies, is maimed for life, or falls into the clutches of the heartless Hun? If the mortgage never is lifted the patient never is cured, the little home that you saved for is pulled down brick by brick by the doctor's bill and the grocer's cart?

Why you have learned self-mastery in waiting, in humble, steady grinding work. The eyes your soul looks through will be deep pools of peace whence souls of other wearied ones will drink fresh hope.

. . . . . .

AND if the lone east flames at last No one can feel the magic of the dawn who has not known the horror of the night. No one can know the full great sweep of joy who has not learned of peace by sorrow's vigil. No one can sense the deepest wonder of the full-throated spring, who has not watched the drifting snow, the dying fire, and the lonely night.

No one can hear aright the thrilling reveille for the day that is to be, who has not listened, quietly and without rebellion, to "Lights out." —B.D.

A Waltham Watch is the perfect Graduation Gift

Now is the time to select a suitable watch for that son or daughter, brother or sister, as a graduation gift. A handsome watch expresses the sentiment of such an occasion, and a good one continues as a pleasant reminder for many years.

Waltham Watches are not only handsome to look at but also perform handsomely. They last for a generation and sometimes longer.

There are beautiful and convenient wrist watches for women, elegant slender watches for men, and good sturdy timepieces for everyone. At all leading jewelers.

Waltham Watch Company

Canada Life Bldg., St. James St., Montreal

Their Day Depends on the Breakfast

Remember that—you who decide the breakfast.

Those are human machines you are feeding. Their efficiency depends on the food.

There's an energy food, as you know, which is one of Nature's marvels. Its vim-producing power is proverbial. To-day, as for ages, the oat stands supreme as a source of vitality, as a food for growth. There's a thousand calories of energy in a fair-sized dish.

That's the matchless breakfast. No one ever outgrows the need for it, and nothing can take its place. Our plea is to make that dish inviting. Win folks to plentiful use of it. The way to do that is by serving Quaker Oats—and this is why.

Quaker Oats

The Energizing Dainty at Its Best

Two-thirds of the oats as they come to us are discarded in Quaker Oats. We use just the big, plump, richly-flavored grains.

The result is large and luscious flakes, delicious in taste and aroma.

Children and grown-ups delight in it. They never grow tired of it. They eat an abundance of it. That's the only way to fully realize what vitality lies in oats.

Quaker Oats is always of this super-quality. It has been so for 25 years. Lovers of oats from all the world over send here to get it on that account.

Yet it costs you no extra price. It is worth while saying "Quaker Oats" to get a food like this.

Large Package
30c
Contains a piece of imported china from a celebrated English pottery.
Regular Package
12c

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Ont. **Saskatoon, Sask.**

The Dead Failure

Continued from page 94.

whose meals she ordered, whose very thoughts she had attempted to think for him, had turned from her to another woman—older, by all accounts—less to be desired—who had not been able to hold her own husband?

The train roared over a bridge and on into bleak uneven country, marshy and blightbitten. Claire huddled close to the window, her eyes on the blurred outlines of her own problem, but it was difficult to turn that splendid brain-engine on to anything when the foolish woman heart underneath persisted in aching so.

Come to think of it, had she ever had a heartache before? A heart *ache*! That's an easy word to read on a page—how often she'd seen it in a magazine yarn. But now with the rending, racking thing inside of her, this soul-sick-unto-death-ness that seemed to rip through her brain and squeeze the life-love out of her so that she cried for annihilation, how could she think?

What made her heart ache so? What had touched chaos loose in her universe?

Bobby? No. Her love for Bobby.

And with a sudden mental clearness she realized that that love of hers had not died. She had no theatricality about her and not one thread of flange ableness. Certain elements of b. caring were submerged, terror-stricken and ashamed, but something else, some other kind of loving that had never been there before, now rose above all the rest, a still, white, wondercrag of strength, a hill of unalterability.

She drew back a little from the window till the light inside the car made a mirror of the glass, and then it was that she noticed her eyes clouded with pain, set in a white face.

But it wasn't that that held her. It was something in their light, their expression.

"My boy, oh my boy, my boy!" she said softly. But she didn't know that the thing that had been born in her, out of great anguish as all births come, was motherlove, the highest and perhaps the only fully-understanding emotion that a woman can have for a man.

And out of that there grew a question that the Claire of yesterday, the successful Claire, could never have asked.

"Oh God, tell me, tell me, how did I fail him?"

As she turned restlessly, her eye fell on a white something in the chair next to her, and half-consciously, she picked it up.

Out of the middle of the page there stared up at her the silly, slangy title

of the stuff that thousands laughed their way through, clear down to the signature, "B. H."

Silly? Slangy? Yes, sillier and slangier and not nearly so good as it used to be a few months ago. But, as Claire read it, every little inky letter of it sprang up and cried, "Bobby!"

It *was* Bobby, that Column, the best and the worst of him, the laughter and the kindliness and the enthusiasm, but also the easilyledness, and the craving for sympathy, for admiration and applause.

The train was slowing into a city. Lights strung out across the sleeping suburbs.

Suddenly the girl with the paper stood up and caught at her suitcase She almost ran through two cars till she found a conductor.

"If I got off here, how soon could I catch a train back?" she asked.

"Not till three a. m., but it's a fast one," said the man in blue, wondering why his passenger should look so extraordinarily happy.

Late the next morning the elevator man took a lady up who'd never smelled printers' ink before, nor heard the throb of the presses.

"Fourth room to your left," he called after her, "he's sure to be in at this hour."

The door was shut and there was the scrape of a chair as she knocked.

"Come in," said a man.

Claire didn't even glance at the girl in the corner with her unAnglo-Saxon eyes bent on her typewriter. She viewed her as impersonally as the drunkard's wife thinks of the flask the whiskey comes in.

"Bobby," she said quietly, "I'm sorry. I've been a dead failure. But I'm going to begin over again. Will you take me out to lunch?"

And Bobby, who like most men, couldn't ever really love any woman that he didn't respect, promptly forgot all about the girl in the corner. He just looked up at his wife, at the new soft mouth of her, and the kindly, understanding, good-comrade eyes that played no lure for the jungle beast in him

"Gad, but you're pretty!" he said softly.

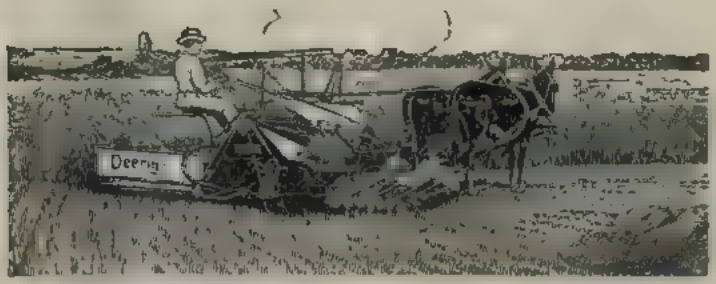
Genial Geo. Ham

Continued from page 100.

through it all, you'd have thought that "the girls" were paying the bills and planning the frills, and giving one G. H. the undeserved but most appreciated time of his life.

The spring of 1914 brought a most unexpected honor. Sam Hughes, charging round creating generals, colonels, etc., lit on George as a promising addition to his galaxy.

Deering New Ideal
The Binder for Your Fields



A **Deering** New Ideal binder will give you the best possible results at harvest time. However lodged or filled with green undergrowth your crops are, the **Deering** binder harvests all the grain.

The **Deering** binder elevator, open at the rear, delivers the grain properly to the binding attachment. Because the elevator projects ahead of the knife it delivers grain to the binder deck straight. A third discharge arm keeps the bound sheaves free from unbound grain.

The T-shaped cutter bar is almost level with the bottom of the platform and allows the machine to be tilted close to the ground to pick up down and tangled grain without pushing trash in front of the knife. Either smooth section or serrated knives can be used. The **Deering** knotter needs no recommendation.

The **Deering** local agent will show why **Deering** New Ideal binders and binder twine are always satisfactory. See the agent, or, write to the nearest branch house for a catalogue.

International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd.

BRANCH HOUSES

At Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Estevan, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, N. Battleford, Ottawa, Quebec, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Winnipeg, Yorkton

This country recognizes three grades of truth

—the truth
—the whole truth
—nothing but the truth.

"The Truth" by itself may be false because of what it leaves unsaid, or because while technically correct it is designed to mislead.

"The whole truth" may be ineffective because it leaves one asking—"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing but the truth" involves a grasp and expression of right fundamentals, rounded knowledge, fair play—an irresistible appeal

In Chicago from June 20th to 24th there will be a convention of The Associated Advertising Clubs of the World. The standard under which this convention assembles is

"Nothing but the Truth in Advertising"

This is not a sentimental standard. It is a commercial standard maintained by the contact of idealists, enthusiasts and hard heads

It is the only standard under which the annual expenditure of $600,000,000 for advertising can be made to pay. It is the standard under which 2,000 people met last June in Toronto, and, before that, in Baltimore, Dallas, Boston.

It is the standard under which every reader of newspapers, magazines, outdoor signs, booklets novelties—the printed or painted advertising message—has come to believe what he reads.

You Are Invited to Attend.

No adult in this country but uses or is affected by advertising. The convention in Chicago will give you ideas for application to your own business and your own life. You will come in contact with the discoverers and pioneers in the development of the economic force of advertising—a force which will grow with your support as you will grow by contact with it and its workers.

For special information address CONVENTION COMMITTEE, Advertising Association of Chicago, Advertising Building, 123 Madison Street, Chicago.

The Toronto Advertising Club will run a special train to Chicago, leaving Toronto on Saturday, June 19th. A special rate has been secured for the trip and all applications for space on the train and in the LaSalle Hotel Chicago, where the Toronto Advertising Club will stay, should be made to MR C. W McDIARMID, of the Toronto Advertising Club, 104 Yonge Street, Toronto

This is the Bath You've Wanted in Your Home.

Complete Shower for $15.00.

A Shower Bath equipment in the home is a source of pleasure, health, comfort and vigor to everyone and a tremendous improvement on a tub-bath.

NIAGARA SHOWER
MADE IN CANADA.

can be put up in your own bathroom in less than a half-hour without any help from anybody. Simply screw it to the wall and laugh at the plumber. Waterproof curtain protects walls and floor from any possibility of splash

Shower-head, pipe, clips, ring, handsomely nickel-plated, splash-curtain, rubber-tube, etc., complete for $15 00.

Delivered to any address in Canada.

Take a shower when you get up in the morning, and you're fresh and gingery all day. Take one when you come home from a hot day's work, and you won't know you're the same man.

And don't have to go to your club to do it—and don't be the only one in the family to enjoy the pleasure. Put a Niagara Portable Shower Bath in your own home where the whole household may use it at any hour of the day

Write for descriptive booklet to Dept. C

Kinzinger, Bruce & Co., Limited,
Niagara Falls - Ontario

And lo, Lieut. Col. Ham, (honorary), attached to the Intelligence Department! Having hobnobbed with princes, George was unabashed, and doubtless was of much assistance to the Major-General on the various troop-moving days that have since red-lettered that gentleman's calendar.

At present, the official booster is in San Francisco, telling the people that a short little canal may be one thing, but a big long road is certainly another. And when they're done perspiring over Panama, they might as well come up to Banff and cool off. We've a thing or two in the way of mountains that might interest them.

Incidentally of course, Col. Ham is commandeering new friends. Long, long ago the insiders hoisted the "S. R. O." sign, but the heart that makes the smile, is so big and so expandable, that there's always room for just one more.

Lucky dog!

The Jade Earring

Continued from page 98.

left began talking in a soothing sort of way; but the laughing voice went on, paying no more attention than—well, that's the only simile I can think of—a phonograph. It had something of that quality, too. That horrible, lifeless squeak!

"The light went up in the other stateroom then. Of course, it shone perfectly plainly through the open space at the top of the partition, and that relieved the situation a little. It seemed to make it possible for me to stay there. I confess I had been on the point of bolting when it was turned up.

"I heard the clink of a spoon against glass, too, and that suggestion that some one was getting a dose of medicine had a quieting effect on my nerves, too, although the medicine itself didn't affect the patient immediately. The phonograph voice went on for quite a little while, just saying over and over again—'Dead! She's dead!' and giggling.

"But presently its tone got more querulous. The giggle stopped. 'I guess I ought to know she's dead,' it said. 'I killed her myself—killed her with a pin.' Then it got a note of terror in it and made a dry, choking little cry. 'I killed her, I tell you. I! I! I!'

"It kept rising higher and higher, almost to a shriek, and then suddenly it stopped in a muffled gasp, as if the nurse—if the sane person present in there was a nurse—had clapped something over its mouth. Perhaps a pillow. I suppose the medicine took effect then, because that muffled gasp was the last sound I heard.

"But by that time I wanted some of the dope myself pretty badly. A maniac is not a pleasant person to encounter at the best; but somehow, not seeing anything, just hearing through that little wooden partition, made it all the worse.

"I was a fool not to get up and dress and go on deck. But I've got a spunky sort of streak in me that hates to admit that I'm beaten, and I made up my mind to put myself to sleep by main brute strength of will. I lay still and kept my eyes shut, and tried to keep my muscles relaxed.

"I suppose it was two hours before anything more happened, though it seemed six. The next thing that happened was this—"

Jeffrey got out of his chair and shook himself with a little laugh.

"Oh it would have been funny if my nerves weren't so near the breaking point! I suppose it is funny, still. But I was lying there perfectly still, hadn't heard a sound and all at once something like a tiny hand—oh, smaller than a baby's, no bigger than a doll's, but very cautious and skilful—took hold of one of my eyelids and tried to lift it.

"I don't mind admitting I yelled. I was out of bed and had the light on in about the sixteenth of a second, and, of course, for five seconds after that I couldn't see anything because the light blinded me. Gradually I got my eyes in focus, and there, squatting on a corner of my bunk, right beside the pillow—oh, it was nothing horrible! It was a baby raccoon, brown and fluffy, with its long, pointed nose and its bright, shiny little eyes pointed straight at me.

"For a minute or two I couldn't get my bearings—couldn't understand how the thing could have got in. The grating over the window was intact. And then I thought of the broken grille opening into the next stateroom. I looked around and saw the light had gone up in that room, too. They had probably been aroused by my yell.

"Well, it would have aroused anything but the dead. I felt foolish, and that made me feel furious. I moved over toward the little beast somewhat too suddenly, and it scuttered away, jumped up on the wash-stand, and from there on top of the mirror and disappeared through the broken grille, all in about a second.

"I waited for a scream from there, because, of course, I couldn't be sure the little beast was at home there. But evidently it was, for they took his coming quietly enough.

"Well, I didn't turn out the light after that; but I got back into bed and pulled up all the blankets, because I was cold all through. I had never

been so terrified in my life. The possibility of going to sleep after that never occurred to me. But presently the gray of the dawn began to come in, and that is the signal for insomniacs the world over. The first thing I knew, the steward was rapping on my door, telling me it was seven o'clock.

"When I got up and dressed, and before I left the boat, I took a look into the next stateroom, but it was perfectly empty; the bed all made as if no one had been in there for a week. I felt like the devil after the night I had had, and had half a mind to give up my trip and take the next train back

"But I thought better of it, hired a team of horses and surrey, and drove out to Beech Hill.

CHAPTER XIII.

BEECH HILL.

"I SAW by my driver's look, when I told him where I wanted to go, that he knew about the place, and after I had sized him up with a little casual talk I blessed my stars that I had been able to get him. He was a simon-pure native of those parts, and what he didn't know about local gossip wouldn't be worth listening to.

"The Merediths must have furnished a good part of that gossip themselves, for certainly they had been a queer, eccentric family for several generations—a self-willed, imperious, high-tempered lot at the best, with a little streak of insanity, or near it, cropping up now and then that made the worst of them very bad indeed.

"It's good blood, though, as such things are reckoned in most countries. They have always bred to their class. But the only other member of the family in the direct line and in Miss Meredith's generation—a younger brother of hers—was an exception to the rule. It seems he was artistic in his tendencies and showed a good deal of talent as a painter in an amateurish sort of way, lived abroad a lot—mostly in France—and scandalized his family by marrying a Normandy peasant girl. That's the instinct of the overbred everywhere. Nature's way of reasserting herself.

"This woman—Claire's mother—must have been a perfectly glorious creature to look at Certainly Claire came honestly by those great masses of pale gold hair that people went so mad about. I wish you could have heard my driver's attempt to describe her

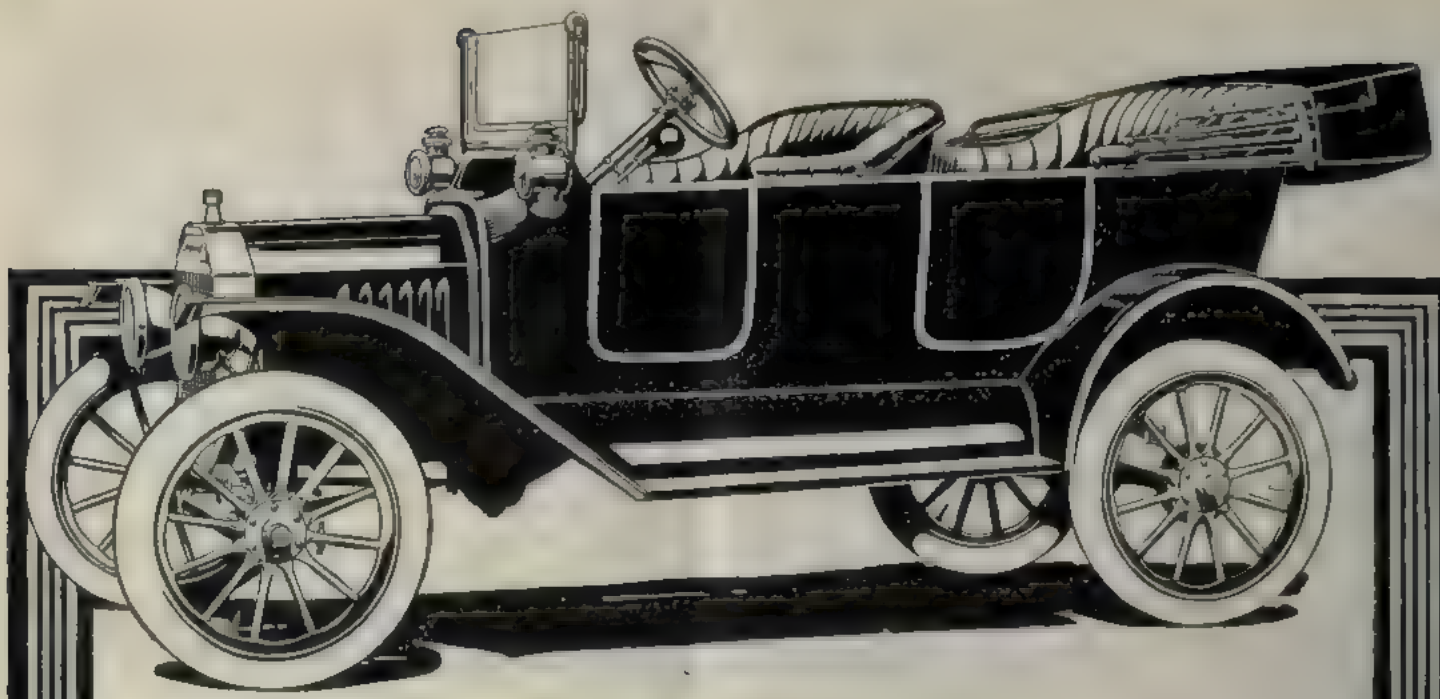
"Well, it seems Meredith brought his wife home, and the other members of the family were properly superior and indignant, especially his sister, and the poor young wife just withered up under it. Meredith himself doesn't appear to have been a very strong sort of character.

"Certainly his sister was the man of the family. She had all the business sense, and, as she shared equally with him in the family fortune to begin with, she actually managed, according to the driver's gossip, to get hold of the lion's share of it.

"Meredith was killed racing an ice-yacht on the river when Claire was six or seven, and his wife didn't survive him very long. So his sister came back to Beech Hill and took charge of the estate and of Claire. She must have brought the child up under an iron rule, and that sort of thing generally works badly in the end.

"Then, as Crow admitted to you, she terrorized the rest of the family—there are no end of rather distant cousins, you know, Crow himself being one of them—got fearfully bored with life, and at last closed up Beech Hill and her town house and went off to Europe

"That, as I remember it, was when Claire was about fifteen. She never



"MADE IN CANADA"

Ford Touring Car
Price $590

Your neighbor drives a Ford why don't you? We are selling more Fords in Canada this year than ever before because Canadians demand the best in motor car service at the lowest possible cost. The "Made in Canada" Ford is a necessity—not a luxury.

Buyers of Ford cars will share in our profits if we sell 30 000 cars between August 1, 1914 and August 1, 1915

Runabout $540; Town Car $840, F O B Ford Ontario, with all equipment, including electric headlights Write Ford Factory Ford, Ontario, for catalogue B-1.

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

came back to this country, even for an occasional visit, until about three years ago. She came back alone, of course, and the story was that Claire had died of smallpox in Paris. Since she came back she has been dividing her time between her town house and Beech Hill, though she hasn't done it in the ordinary way.

"She spent a good many winter months up there all alone with Crow, for nobody has ever been invited to the place since she came back, and of course her odd way of living has set all the gossip afire again.

"I got all of that, practically all of it, out of the driver. As a matter of fact, I had to pump him about something to keep him from pumping me. The story I told him was that I had been told by the agent of the place that it was soon to be put up for sale, and I wanted to look at it. I told him that in order to find out if possible if there was any intention of selling it, and found out—what isn't at all surprising under the circumstances—that there was. At least he had driven one or two other prospective purchasers out there. So that made my plan rather easy.

"When we got to the boundaries of the estate I paid my fare and sent him back, telling him that I wanted to wander around outdoors a bit before I went to the house, and that I'd trust to luck for means of getting back. I wanted to make sure of seeing something, anyway. And, as it turned out, it was well I did.

"Before I had been wandering around the place for half an hour my desire to buy it was genuine, even if my intention wasn't. Drew, it's perfectly lovely—fields, lawns, woods, the lay of the land, the glimpse you get every now and then of the river and of the distant banks. It's hard to beat, I tell you.

"It was all so lovely in its first hint of spring-way. It almost made me forget the grim sort of errand I had come on. I skirted around through the woods, got myself mired and mold-stained to the knees, and finally started down toward the river-bank along a little path I found. The path was muddy and wet, for the snow couldn't have melted off earlier than the day before, yet I could see that it must be lovely a little later when the green things come out.

"But, Drew, I hadn't more than started down that path before I began thinking about the murder again, and I got a sort of hint of the reason when I saw where the path was taking me. It led down to a white-painted boat-house on the bank.

"The sight of that made the sensation come back twice as strong. If I was right in connecting Beech Hill with the tragedy, Irene Fournier had gone once by a different name altogether, and I had made the right guess as to what that name was, then the chances were that it was along this path that the body had been carried, and it was here at this little landing that it had been put into the river."

To be continued.

"Go" in Government

Continued from page 101.

palities of the province the other day the three rousingest cheers of the meeting of 1,000 strong or more, came to our hero, where he denounced a viper in the midst of his hearers in the shape of the LIQUOR Traffic. Said every Tory in the province the next day "Aha, there's that old idiot Langley making another break. Did not the booze interest put his government where it is? Now watch Scott and Calder kick him out for his damfoolishness." Did those astute political leaders apply the pedal extremity? Not on your tintype they did not. Two weeks later George's revered leader gets up at Oxbow and tells the whole sad story. All bars automatically go out of business in Saskatchewan on July 1st. The wholesale liquor business is to be in the hands of the Government. There is to be no compensation. And after the war, or not before December 1916 a referendum of the province is to be taken as to whether the lieges want any more booze ever. Well, you have the example of Russia, you have the dictum that you can't deprive the Englishmen of his beer (there are a lot of them in that province you know), and so it is a nice young thing in problems as to what effect this legislation will have. But whatever it is, any Tory will tell you that Langley forced the hands of Scott, Calder and Co. That had he not, after the manner of the eastern potentate with a name like a Galician fortress, seen things, and seeing them proceeded on the line of least resistence in their direction, the Premier would not have been compelled to enunciate his historic changes. In fairness to Premier Scott there is this to be said, that he stated that these changes were decided upon six months ago, and that George had every license to spill them, but when it comes to spilling our George is certainly there.

It's too bad that the facts of the case won't permit of styling this little sermon, "From Cab-driver to Cabinet". So at the risk of being a Class D. prophet it shall be blazoned over his features

"HE IS PUTTING THE 'GO' IN GOVERNMENT."

Make Bran Welcome

Serve it as a morning dainty. It is too important to be made distasteful. It is Nature's laxative.

In Pettijohn's we hide the bran in luscious soft wheat flakes, loved by everyone. The dish is one-fourth bran, yet few people know it.

Serve it thrice a week. Note how folks like it. Note what a difference it makes in the days. You will never give it up. A million smiles a day are due to Pettijohn's.

Pettijohn's

Rolled Wheat with the Bran

If your grocer hasn't Pettijohn's, send us his name and 15 cents in stamps for a package by parcel post. We'll then ask your store to supply it. Address

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY
East of Manitoba, Peterborough, Ont.
West of Ontario, Saskatoon, Sask.

Perfect for Home Use:

Drewry's American Style Rice Beer

Better and costs less than imported.

In cases of Pints or Quarts

Sold by all dealers.

E. L. Drewry, Ltd.
Winnipeg.

FORD STARTED

Throw away your crank-start from the seat with a Sandbo "Two Compress On" Starter. Differs from all others. Positively guaranteed to start. Write Dept. C.

GEO. W. MacNEIL CO.,
86 Richmond, W., Toronto.

Summertime Suggestions

On the Use of Food Confections

When berries come, mix them with Puffed Wheat or Rice. Blend the fruit with these flaky morsels which taste like toasted nuts. Puffed Grains, you'll find, will add as much as do the cream and sugar.

For a dairy dish, at supper or bedtime, float these grains in milk. These are toasted whole-grain bubbles, crisp and airy, delightful to the taste. And nothing else made from Wheat or Rice has every food granule exploded. That means easy, complete digestion.

Garnish ice cream with these Puffed Grains. It is like adding nut meats to it. Use Puffed Rice in candy making. It tastes like nuts but is far more flaky. The candy crumbles easily.

Let boys at play carry a pocket of Puffed Grains. Salt them like peanuts or butter like popcorn. In Puffed Grains, every atom feeds. And they do not tax the stomach.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

Puffed Grains with cream and sugar reveal but one delight. Millions of pounds are being served at other times than breakfast.

Bear this in mind. The more you serve these grains in puffed form the better for all concerned. Professor Anderson's process best fits them for food. It makes confections of them. It does in a thorough way what cooking does in a half way. It breaks up the nutriment cells.

The handiest foods in your house this summer will be your Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Ont. **Saskatoon, Sask.**

Joseph F. Smith

Continued from page 101.

hands of the original Smith, who, with the help of one Rigdon, adapted it to make the Book of Mormon, upon which Mormonism depends. The "saints" consider the whole story of the manuscript romance a scandalous fabrication, and to clinch the argument that it holds no place in the foundations of the Mormon faith. Joseph Fielding Smith is said to have discovered it on his third Sandwich mission. The document that Smith is alleged to have found has been published in book form.

The Mormon president has held and still holds many civic, political and religious positions in his native city, Salt Lake City. In 1865 he served as an alderman. In 1866 he was appointed an apostle by Brigham Young and called as a special councilor. He acted in the capacity of councilor to three presidents—Taylor, Woodruff and Snow.

In 1901, he was chosen by the twelve apostles of the church to fill the highest office in their gift, that of president, priest, prophet, seer, and revelator, the office which he now so proudly holds.

It is said that President Smith handles $1,000,000 annually. The list of business enterprises of which he is president shows something of his executive ability and also the vast amount of money which must come to him from them. He is said to be President of Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution.

President Smith it is said has five wives, some of them young and some old. In his address while here he advised young Mormon men to marry good Mormon wives, and told them by way of encouragement that he had tried several and found them to be ideal. It is said that the old president has nearly fifty children more than a dozen of them having been born since the manifesto prohibiting plural marriage and cohabitation.

At a general Conference of the Young People's Mutual Improvement Associations, the head of the Mormon church is quoted as saying:

"There is no exaltation for any man without a woman, nor for any woman without a man. . . . alone is not in the image of God. There is no exaltation or eternal progression without a wife. We must live as God lives. Marriage is eternal. Neither man nor death can separate. The only thing that can separate is absolute apostasy from the Mormon church. Then his wife, 'or talent', as Jesus puts it, will be taken from him and given to one who has ten. This is the most vital principle of the gospel. It involves the well springs of life."

If you are making less than $30 a week you should write us to-day. We can help you to wealth and independence by our plan; you can work when you please, where you please, always have money and the means of making plenty more of it.

JUST LISTEN TO THIS. One man started from San Francisco, another from New York ... at the ... of ... and ... on ... day ... week ... and ... day for month afterwards. The ... you don't.

MY PROPOSITION

Is a WONDERFUL NEW CAMERA with which you can take and instantaneously develop pictures on paper ... ordinary ... to ... after ... you will have ... of ... negatives, and is ready ... instantly ... your customer. THIS REMARKABLE INVENTION ... 100 pictures an hour and gives you a profit from 50 to 1,000 per cent. ... and each one you take ... and makes ... for ... and ... same day the ... reaches you.

WE TRUST YOU

So much confidence ... in our proposition that we will send you, free of ... the outfit, consisting of Camera, tripod, ... and material ... making 150 pictures upon receipt of a very small deposit. The supplies for making 150 pictures are FREE WITH THE OUTFIT. Just think of the profitable returns for you in selling these pictures at 25 to 25 cents apiece. The ... is so ... in this ... that ... pay you ... for this ... and ... to ... out write us to-day for our Free Catalog, and full ... terms.

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Neutrality

Continued from page 75.

refuge. Under the lights, the heavy turret guns—Eileen knew—were being trained to riddle the *Argyle* when the Americans must drive it out to its destruction. The *Sharnheim* stayed outside the three-mile limit; but the lights of a launch leaped from its side and a small boat raced in.

The string of electric bulbs over the deck of the *Macon* now flared on; the position lights of a ship at anchor alone marked the English cruiser until, suddenly, a signal lantern at its stern, flashed out and began winking a message toward the beach. One of the officers with Gordon instantly stepped into the boat and started for the cruiser; the other hastened back toward the port; Heath returned to the three about the table.

"I haven't had supper. Did you ask me, Helen?" he said.

Sheridan's wife struck the bell for the servant.

"What's up, Heath?" Tom asked as they all sat down.

The young Englishman bent across the table. "Tom, after you leave the harbor, is there a way out to the north—between here and Kuwunu? I mean, if we turn north after leaving the harbor instead of south, might we get past Kuwunu on this side?" He motioned with his head to the passage where the *Macon's* boats had been sounding the changes worked by the volcano.

Sheridan gasped. "I get you," he replied tensely. "What do you need, Heath, twenty feet?"

"Nineteen will do."

Sheridan seized the table. "Maybe you can get out that way, Heath."

"Maybe? Don't you know?"

"I'd know—we would be through to-day but for Giddings' cow."

"Giddings' cow?"

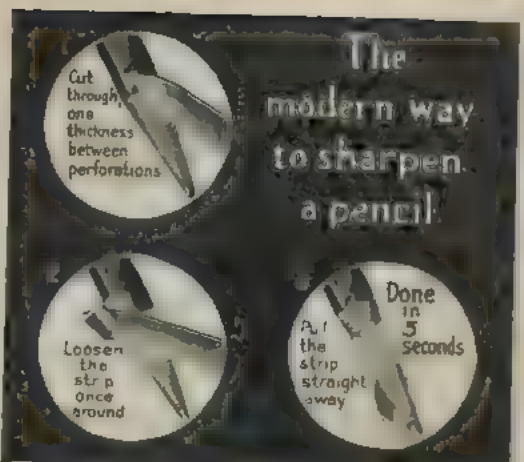
"But in spite of Giddings, if the cow was quiet yesterday and to-day, Giddings' channel meets up with mine there's a way out. But if she moved much the reef runs between the two."

"Giddings' cow!" Gordon exclaimed dazedly.

"I mean the mistake one of our men made. Never mind that now. I didn't think of that before, but if the mistake isn't too much, there's room for you, to run for it north from the harbor where they can't follow you except just one way. And if this is a channel, it's awfully crooked; you must have a start."

"When?" said Heath. "When can you get that to me?"

The boom of a gun startled the four about; it was fired from the *Macon* and to call attention to a signal which was flashing forward.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"That's the recall—urgent." Tom arose

A boat for him already was at the landing.

"The surveys are on board of course," he recollected himself. "Under our orders from Washington, we can give out no surveys till they're completed and published for general use.'

'You mean you can't get them for me without giving them to the Germans too?" Heath returned. "What good will that do us?"

A man was leaving a boat at the landing and advancing to the table.

"Sorry, Helen," Sheridan kissed his wife; he put out his hand to Eileen but she disregarded it. He started toward the boat and Heath accompanied him a few yards; then Gordon came back.

Helen again struck the bell on the table. "I wonder where Kanava is," she complained. "What in the world can he be doing?"

"The *Sharnheim's* launch is going to your ship, Eileen," Heath said.

"Don't call that my ship."

At last the native servant appeared and brought sandwiches and coffee for Gordon. As the man moved about, the English officer watched him closely.

"What do you have to pay such a fellow down here?" he asked when the man was gone.

"Why, six dollars," said Helen.

"A week or a month?"

'Why, a month."

"Fine," Heath commented. "Fine, Helen. Eileen, hush, dear. No questions! Quiet; he's coming back."

The launch from the *Sharnheim* was at the *Macon's* side and Lieutenant von Goltz, whom Sheridan had met when the German ship was in the harbor before, was with Commander Barrows when Sheridan entered the cabin. Von Goltz was a good-looking, clear-eyed young man about Sheridan's age; they clasped hands and both sat down. They spoke in English.

"Captain Hemmil of the *Sharnheim*," said Barrows to Sheridan, "sent us a request by wireless to have ready to furnish him copies of all recent surveys about these islands. I replied to him that under our orders we could furnish no charts until completed. I informed him further in reply to this question that we had given no surveys to the *Argyle* and would furnish none. However, Lieutenant von Goltz had received information that you had conversed with one of the English officers this evening and he believes that you gave him information."

Sheridan started. "If Lieutenant von Goltz already knows that I have talked with an English officer, surely he need not inquire what I said."

"Mr. Sheridan," the commander

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rebuked. "Did you speak of the survey?"

"Yes, sir."

"In what manner?"

"I was asked if we had found a channel to the north. I said there probably was one—my precise expression was 'maybe'," Sheridan turned to von Goltz.

"Maybe?" the German repeated.

"I said I couldn't tell, because our surveys were not complete and joined up."

"I understood the work was to have been finished to-day," von Goltz returned. "Why was it not?"

"One of our parties made a mistake which threw out his work for several days," Barrows explained.

"A mistake," repeated von Goltz. "You must pardon me, but if I do not obtain from you the charts which I have reason to believe must be completed to-day, I am obliged to cable a full account of the reasons of your refusal this evening, to our ambassador at Washington. You say I cannot have the charts because one of your men made a mistake: what sort of a mistake could he make?"

Barrows was nettled. "We discovered one of our men had been working, from a moving object on shore, mistaking it for a fixed point."

"A moving object?" the German smiled incredulously, "A sheep or a cow, I suppose?"

"Exactly," Barrows jerked.

Von Goltz arose. "You wish me, sir, to state that as your reason for refusal to furnish us hydrographic information when I cable to our ambassador?"

"You can state whatever you wish," Barrows returned. He dismissed von Goltz curtly, and in a moment the German officer went down to the launch.

The American commander watched the boat hurry to the port and then he saw the windows of the cable station light. The last instructions from Washington in regard to neutrality had been most exasperatingly strict

"I will not cancel the dance here to-night, Mr. Sheridan," said Barrows. "But until the *Argyle* leaves, or is definitely interned, no one may leave the ship except upon official business; no English or German officer shall be received here except officially." And he sent a seaman for all the survey records and locked them in his cabin.

The volunteer orchestra from the ship's crew filed out on deck; and the strains of "The Lonesome Pine" played in hesitation waltz time, drifted to the shore. Eileen was alone under the trees of the cottage; she heard the music and shuddered. After barely a moment with her, Heath Gordon had been called to the town: but now he was returning; she could see him in the moonlight far down the beach; he was alone and walking leisurely and he carried something which he swung at his side from a cord. As he approached, Eileen saw that the object was a bag of native manufacture, plaited of grass.

"Saw this as I came by one of those basket places just now, Eileen," he greeted her. "So, picked it up for you. It's the sort to carry your slippers to the dance, isn't it? Like it?"

"Do you think I'm going to the dance, Heath?"

"'Course; why not? Understand my invitation is withdrawn—or rather

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"I see."

"When you're ready to go home—that would be about half past eleven. Can you remember?"

"I understand; half past eleven."

"You'll find the bag where you left it, and you'd best not open it. In fact, I want you not to open it. You can come home in your dancing slippers, can't you?"

"Of course."

"Then just take the bag as it is, half way in from the ship, when you pass by those native fishing boats out there, someone will hail. I'll hail; you'll know my voice?"

"Heath!"

"Then pass me the bag as the boat goes by. Can you do it?"

"Oh, Heath!" she cried again

"Hush," he warned as he looked about. "Then you'll go to the dance?"

She bent quickly and her lips touched the back of his hand; he arose and caught her in his arms.

"That's all I need to do, surely?" she pleaded. "You don't want me to say anything to anyone on board—to Tom or to anyone else to remind—"

"No; nothing, dear. Not a word on board to anyone. Be sure of that. What's arranged is understood; another word might spoil it. Then I can count on you?"

"What did you tell your people?"

"That I knew I could."

"Then pick me up just once again."

An hour later Eileen was rowed out to the Macon for the dance. As she passed the fishing vessels, of which Heath had spoken, she gazed at them closely. There was no sound or movement among them She went on to the ship.

To Eileen, the dance on board the *Macon* was endless. From the moment that she left the grass bag near the door of the cabin where the women put their wraps, she lived only for half-past eleven when, with that in it which must save Heath, she could take the bag again.

To be continued

—

When in Rome

Continued from page 82

should she marry Leopardi. The amount of fair flowers of the spirit that this young Italian had it in his power to kill—because he wouldn't know their meaning; for him they would be wildlings and better out of the economy of his life.

But for the little blush I might have thought that she avoided him; I might have thought so anyway but for Remsen. He had seen through her intentions and had given it out thus crudely to his mother, who had wailed it to me

"Leopardi's got Louise on the run," was his unshaded, rendering of his sister's shy preference.

"Well," I suggested, "if you think that, why don't you leave Rome before it's too late, if you're against the matter?"

Mrs. Gifford looked at me, shocked. "Why, what excuse could I make to the girls?" was what she gave me, and with those simple words she plumbed the inadequacy of our parental system. Good woman, she couldn't up and go like a European mother. Here she must stop and see this tragedy go on under her eyes.

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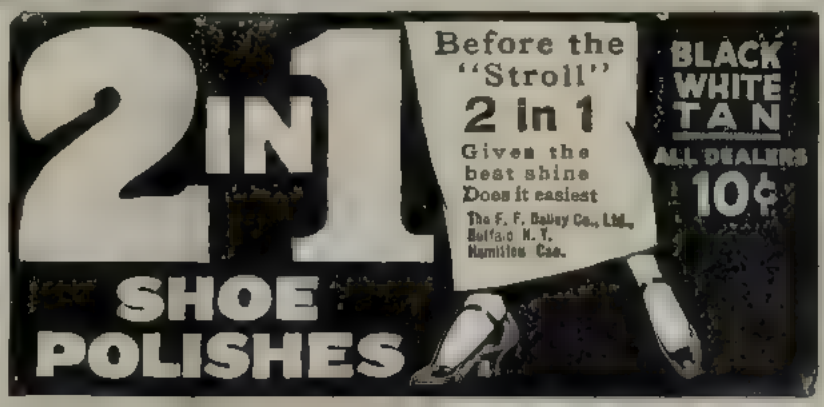

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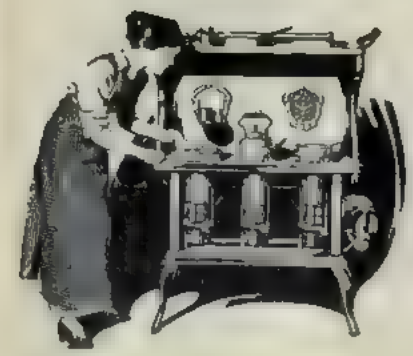

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"Why don't you keep her from seeing anything of him?" was what I suggested next, having in mind the unostentatious way in which an Italian mother could have shielded her girl—and Leopardi would have taken it, too, for he was a decent chap. Besides, he would be sure of his ground, would Leopardi, before he risked a refusal. Ardent, I have no doubt he was—cautious, certainly. Marriage is a serious event. If you are a young Italian, you must look your ground over thoroughly; you don't plunge in like a man going for a swim—on an impulse.

"Why don't I keep her from seeing him. How can I?" the poor lady wailed. "I do everything I can; I'm always there with the girls. They never stir a step without me. Oh, I'm so glad it's the custom! Even if I can't do anything, I can at least see what's going on. Oh, little did I think when we began this that I should be glad of the time that I had to track around every minute!—We're doing the antiques of Rome with him," she mourned. "We've neglected seeing what we ought to and he's taking us—he and some of the other boys." For by this homely name did Mrs. Gifford refer to her daughter's admirers.

Shortly after this Remsen appeared at my room.

"Ma wants to speak to you," he grumbled. "Her feet are all swelled up, or she'd come herself."

I found my poor friend in great distress.

"I can't go with them this afternoon! I can't get a shoe on!" she complained. "Oh, do you suppose you could go out with them?"

But that afternoon it happened that I had an engagement I could not well break.

"Well, what are we going to do?" she asked.

"Send the dagoes off!" suggested Remsen.

Here Louise came into the room.

"It seems so awfully like saying that we don't trust 'em after all their kindness to us to send 'em off," Mrs. Gifford told her daughter. "But Mrs. Goodwin can't go—If we had only had time to write a note, but I've been wearing my slippers all day and never knew it."

Then light dawned. "Why," asked Mrs. Gifford, "why can't you take Remsen? He's fourteen and awfully big for his age!"

"Oh, no you don't!" cried Remsen, his face flushing. "Not on your tin type you don't!"

"Remsen," said Georgiana, "I'll give you a *lire* an hour!"

"Remsen," said his mother, "you've got to do it! Don't let me hear any more nonsense from you!"

Fate willed it that I was to see the

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rest of the little comedy that afternoon and that my trail and theirs were destined to cross. First, as I was driving along with my old friend whom I was to take sight-seeing, I saw the little cavalcade walking past and heard a shrill whoop; it was Remsen hailing the "fellers" Yes, right under the noses of his sisters and in the presence of their polite escorts giving the shrill war whoop of the American boy!

Nothing must do my friend but that we should go to the Forum, and as we were strolling around, looking at the wreck of the things that had been and trying to get up appropriate emotions, I heard an expostulation in violent Italian. A guardian was dancing around one of the broken pillars and up its marred surface Remsen was swarming. His sisters and their escorts hurried to the spot, and at the sight of them Remsen made a flying leap and careered madly across the open space. Then some excavation beckoned him, and again an angry guardian was placated only by extensive tipping. As Remsen said, he "liked roo'ns—he liked to climb 'em." He had the pure joy in these forbidden things that in a normal atmosphere he would have had in stealing a watermelon. Boy—unrestrained American boy—came forth rioting in doing what it was told not to do.

I stood and chatted with the girls a moment while the men argued with the angry guardian.

"He's awful!" Louise wailed.

"We ought never to have brought him!" came from Georgiana. "We know how he acts with ruins!"

Then the devil which enters into small boys again occupied the body of Remsen Gifford and he commenced to scale the broken masonry of the lower end of the Forum. His sisters called to him and the young men applied themselves to the guardians; there was talk of fines and imprisonment and gesticulations were impressive. Remsen above, triumphantly mocked at them.

Then a voice, a good Western American voice, rang out clear above the little uproar

"Kid," it said, "you come down out of there!" It proceeded from the throat of a straight young man; American was written all over him, uncompromising American. Man there spoke to man. Remsen, scouting authority, flaunting his sisters, flaunting young dago gentlemen who had never known what it was to be a kid or to run with the gang, descended when he heard that voice.

"What ails you, kid?" the voice went on. "Don't you know any better'n that? You'll get run in—that's what'll happen to you!" Then the young man turned: "Well! Well!!

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Well !!!" he cried. "Why, Looey and Georgie ! Well, this is good luck !"

"Why, Ned !" chorused the two girls.

At this moment of stress the crust of culture broke; Georgiana and Louise were just "the girls" welcoming an old friend in a strange land. Introductions were exchanged. The gentleman addressed as Ned towered high above the spruce young Italians. If his bow had less finish than theirs, he still gave the effect of a large Newfoundland dog greeting dapper little black-and-tan terriers.

"Say, girls," he said—breezy was the word for him; he was a man who carried with him the effect of having always lived in the large open spaces of the world—"you had better turn the kid over to me——"

Here Remsen thumped out:

"I can't ! I'm chaperonin' 'em !"

"You're *what* ?" demanded the young American; the twinkle in his eye was better than loud laughter. He had all the superficial impassiveness of the Westerner.

"Chaperonin' 'em," repeated Remsen. "They can't go out alone 'thout me 'r ma !"

"I see," returned the American, the twinkle almost bursting into a chuckle. "Well, you're doing it fine, Remsen ! You're a peach of a chaperone ! . . . . How's your mother ?" he went on turning to the girls. "I tell you, you two girls are the finest sight I've seen yet in Rome ! Can I come home to-night ? " And having made the address, he walked away with the warning, "You keep on the job, kid."

He left behind an embarrassed and crest-fallen party. I heard Leopardi suggest tea and the five walked off together, the Italians trying to veil their embarrassment by light chatter.

But I hadn't seen the last of them for the afternoon, for when we had done our duty by the Forum, we also fared forth for tea, and chance set us down at a table near our friends. Remsen, wholly subdued, sat in profound silence. Peace had been restored and the girls were chatting naturally with the men. I sat directly opposite Leopardi and I soon noticed that his eye traveled frequently toward Remsen. Remsen sat as I said, in silence, but he was not unoccupied. In the middle of the table, cut into small slices one small slice a portion for each person was a chocolate cake, but Remsen was eating chocolate cake as one eats it at home when made by mother. Unconscious of what he did, he shoveled down piece after piece until one quarter, one half of the cake was gone. The Italians exchanged glances then it dawned upon Louise and Georgiana what their brother was doing. Absent-mindedly Remsen reached out for

another slice—it may have been his eighth or ninth.

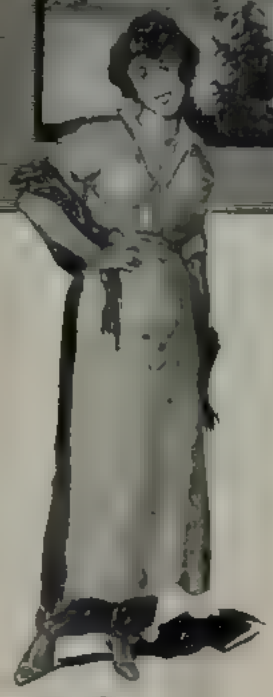
A lovely flush suffused the cheek of Louise. There was nothing they could do about it; they hadn't finished their tea yet, so they couldn't go, nor could they stop Remsen, who sat at the opposite side of the table. Enveloped in gloom, Remsen continued to assuage his melancholy by eating everything in sight—to eat in a manner unknown to abstemious Italy, to eat out of all proportion to any appetite possessed by frugal Italians, and to eat in actual *soldis* and *lires* an amount of cake that would have sufficed a full-grown Italian soiree. It was an impressive if indecent sight.

At last Georgiana choked down her hot tea and made a move for home, murmuring things concerning her mother's health. Even yet I tremble to think what that afternoon's outing must have cost those young Italians. It is difficult to make Americans understand the magnitude of Remsen's offense. Italy is a poor country and scions of the middle-class nobility are very apt to have little extra pocket money. Fancy starting out to blow a brat brother of your young lady to soda and to have him drink instead a magnum of champagne, and you will understand better.

Not that the girls could have realized this for a moment; they only knew that something uncomfortable had happened, that their brother had been an incomparable glutton in public, and as for the poor young Italians, Remsen's afternoon entertainment must have been to them a hideous exhibition of prehistoric manners.

Then occurred one of those things difficult to describe in words. Two human beings meet and presently they begin to emerge from that fog which we call the crowd; they come closer and closer together and then one or the other recedes like the receding tide. Leopardi was an honorable young man; I think there is no doubt that he had made up his mind that, were it possible, he would marry Louise—I think there is no doubt that she had touched his heart. I put that last because, in such an alliance in Italy, sentiment is perhaps of less importance than other factors. In the eyes of such men as Leopardi, marriage is an institution not for the mutual indulgence of sentiment, but, first of all, for the continuance of the family. Then how continue one's family, as the Leopardis' should be continued, with prehistoric relatives? Suppose their tendencies should crop out unexpectedly in the bride! I don't pretend to know what Leopardi's mental processes were; I only know that from that day there began a gradual withdrawal and one that was full of humiliation to Louise.

NIAGARA TO THE SEA



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We had little talks together where she tried to sound me. She, poor innocent, thought she might have been forward and that she should not have gone out with only the protection of Remsen. I don't know what she thought exactly; I could only guess from her shy generalizations that she had without doubt the haunting sense of having done something wrong; not for a moment did it occur to her that she might be blamed for the sins of her family

Meantime, Mr. Blake was more and more in evidence

"I thought," Mrs. Gifford told me, "that when Ned came my troubles would be over, but I have got to be around with them as much as ever The girls say—and right, too—that if I don't chaperone them just as much, the Italians will think one of two things—that I don't trust their young men, or else that it will put Ned in a false position. They'll think," she blushed and hesitated, "that one of the girls is"—she hesitated again—"engaged to him, and oh, Mrs. Goodwin, if you knew how I hate motor cars!"

For it was by this method that Mr Blake chose to amuse his American friends and to cheer up Louise, for Louise didn't look well. For some natures the unexplained is the hardest of anything to bear, and that was what Leopardi's attitude meant for Louise To have bestowed one's little gifts of affection and romance undesired was to her an intolerable shame. She suffered under it as one of coarser fibre might at having shown her affection to a man who did not care for her.

It seemed a hard knot to cut, and yet the denouement was easy—American in its essence, in its simplicity and ingenuity. I was in the salon when Leopardi and his sister called to make some appointment with the girls, for Leopardi was retreating in good order—no pointed withdrawal, no hurting of feelings; he was fading away like the evening light.

Louise and Georgiana and Mrs. Gifford entered. Upon the faces of both girls sparkled an expression reminiscent of their mothers on the day when like a naughty child she poked her disreputable slipper from beneath the hem of her gown. Upon the third finger of Louise's left hand sparkled a ring as conspicuous as any search light. About the three was a little atmosphere of laughing and fluttering excitement

No, the young ladies couldn't go; they had a previous engagement—they were going out in Mr. Blake's motor Then after this gentleman had joined the party and a reasonable time had elapsed, Leopardi and his sister took their departure, followed immediately by the girls and Mr. Blake. Mrs Gifford joined me.

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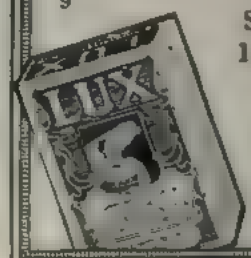

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She heaved a long sigh of satisfaction and leaned over toward me confidentially

"Did you see that ring ?" she asked in a stage whisper. It was as easy to avoid seeing as a light brought into a dark room.

"Looey," she proceeded in the same tone, "is pretending to be engaged to Ned. I don't know how he talked her into it: I think she's doing it on account of me—he saw how scared I am of motors and he said they might make a joke of it and then the girls could go around with him like at home." She sighed from the bottom of a contented heart. "Now I can sit down and write my letters and get my mending done up, and rest my feet," said the good woman. "I can be just as contented as if it was really so— —"

And here, from the other side of a large upholstered chair where he had been sitting unobserved, came the voice of Remsen

'Really so!" snorted that astute youth. "You don't think Ned's ever goin' to let that ring come off—do you ?"

'Why, Remsen," reproved his mother, "why, Remsen, they're just making a joke of it. How you talk!"

'Joke nothin'!" persisted Remsen. "That's his way of gettin' 'round it. If it's a joke, why don't he ask me to go too ? Can't you see nothin', ma Ned's sweet on Looey !"

Seeing Ottawa

Continued from page 79

down past senators, judges, aide-de-camps, commons and provincial legislators, to the *hoi polloi*

Though the Drawing Room is in one sense the most important social function of the year, anyone is privileged to attend. An evening gown, three feathers, a veil, and the courage of her convictions will carry Bertha from the Button Counter clear to the foot of the Throne, so close to Madeleine of the millions that she has to think tango with each foot to keep from encountering her predecessor's Paquin train In practice, of course, the Berthas who attend are few in number, taxis and presentation bouquets and gowns and dinners afterward being as expensive in Ottawa as they are elsewhere

The chairs have been removed from the floor of the Senate, glowing crimson from wall to wall, and down the centre extend two wonderful glittering files of uniforms, the Governor-General's Guards. Between these lines must walk each aspirant for the vice-regal nod who hasn't the private entree through the left-hand door, around which the aides stand picturesquely after His Royal Highness and the Princess have taken their places

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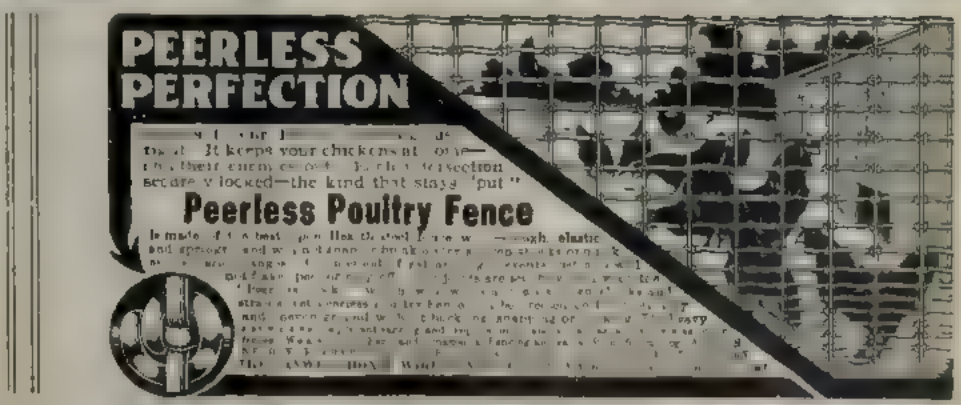

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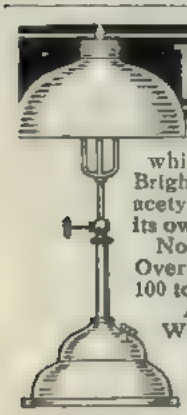

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Slowly the line moves, the line of lovely shoulders, bent beefeathered heads, floating veils, delicious little trains, the line of scented, hot-house gorgeousness the florist has imported from as far away as Montreal.

Here's Claribel, a slim birch in her white gown, lifting startled eyes above her crimson roses. Before her, walks mother, purple-velvetly. Mother loves it, and is afraid of nothing. Behind comes dad in a uniform. Dad is an average man, and therefore doesn't say how he feels, for fear of excommunication. Claribel is afraid of tripping when she curtseys, she's afraid of dropping her roses, she's afraid of going out too quickly. But she's not afraid she doesn't look well. Even if there weren't the glass at the Chateau Laurier, there are Jack's eyes, half way up the line of Guards.

Blush roses and buttercups, blue iris and hyacinths and little shy pansies, the garden of femininity drifts by, spaced out with the negligible black of male humanity. Each is announced. The men bow. The women curtsey and depart, only to reappear in some other part of the house to watch the pageant. The benches behind the Guards fill up with color and a foam of feathers until the Senate looks like a wonderful piece of Oriental embroidery, with a scarlet line on either edge.

Do you wonder that Claribel, grey-knitting in hand, thus recalls the thrilled magnificence of her first presentation, two years ago? Do you wonder that the scenic gorgeousness of it somehow illuminates for her the theological prayer and the patriotic affirmation of that "God Save The King" which she has sung since she could think song at all? Do you wonder that the gallant figure of her sovereign's representative somehow makes her readier to open trench letters, and read casualty lists, and wait lonesomely for Jack, without crying?

Old France

Continued from page 85.

been recently signed. The church was not completed and opened until 1657. Since then it has been added to, altered and part y burnt. In the sanctuary of this cathedral lie the remains of nearly all the bishops of Quebec; of the cures and canons of the French regime; of the last two representatives of the Jesuits and Recollets and some seven hundred laymen and women of noble first families

The gifted Henry Ward Beecher felt strongly the grip of the unique city: "Curious old Quebec!—of all the cities on the continent of America the quaintest. It is a populated cliff. Away we went, climbing the steep streets with little horses hardly bigger than flies with an aptitude for climbing perpendicular walls. It was strange to enter a walled city through low and gloomy gates on this continent of America. Here was a small bit of mediaeval Europe perched upon a rock and dried for keeping in this northeast corner of America. We rode about as if we were in a picture-book turning over a new leaf at each street! . . . The place should always be kept old. Let people go somewhere else for modern improvements. It is a shame that it should ever be hunted and harassed with new-fangled notions. . . Our stay in Quebec was far too short, but it was long enough to make it certain that we shall come back again. A summer in Canada would form one of the most delightful holidays that we can imagine. We mean to prove our sincerity by our conduct, and then if it is not all that our imagination promises, we will write again and confess."

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So, if we tourists cannot see Old France in Europe for some time, old France in America will do very nicely. There will be no danger of sea-sickness, war, pestilence or famine. The trip will be cheaper, and we can stop at the historic Chateau Frontenac—a name with a true French lineage, and can look out from its windows on some of the most historic ground in America. Many Canadians are visiting the United States these days when Europe is closed. Many Americans will be turning to Canada this year. Thus we will all become more appreciative of our little old continent—and remember, too, that we'll be keeping most of the money at home.

The Way of a Man

Continued from page 89.

plunge and leaped forward in great bounds, which flung the cart furiously from side to side.

The shock drove everything out of her mind but her trained instinct for horsemanship, and as she looked quickly at her companion, it was with an impersonal resentment for incompetence that she saw in his face that he was not master of the situation. He was very pale, his jaw set determinedly, but it was evident that he felt how hopelessly ineffectual was his steady, unskillful pull on the reins. He was using only his brute strength against the horse, and the big animal had more brute strength than he.

A turn in the road was almost upon them, and as they reached it, Elizabeth felt something inside her give way with a snap. A dizzy frenzy whirled upon her, and when she realized again what she was doing, the reins were in her hands, she was using the quick side long jerks with which she had conquered Black Lightning so many times, and the big bay was under control. Even before she noted these material facts she was aware of a strange wave of emotion which surged up, hammering, into her brain. It was joy, clear, primitive, unregretting joy, to be herself again, to be using freely her own resourcefulness and strength. With every adroit swing she gave the horse's head, with every skillful turn to avoid an obstacle in their headlong career, she could have shouted in exultation.

"Give me those reins!"

She did not recognize the voice at all, so fiercely resentful was it, nor the angry eyes into which she looked. For an instant she had forgotten that she was not alone with the horse. The bay was still bounding and quivering, but unmistakably vanquished, and Elizabeth handed the reins over to Paul without a word.

Indeed she could not think of a word to say. If the affair had been complicated before, where were they *now*, she asked herself. Paul breathed heavily for a time, evidently not trusting himself to speak. Then he began severely: "If you—of course you don't realize what a very, very foolish thing that was to do, but if you knew a very little more about horses, you'd——"

Elizabeth fairly bounded in her seat! "If I knew a little more about horses! When I know a thousand times more than——"

A sudden realization that the incident meant more than a dispute over driving came upon her startlingly. It flashed through her mind that it meant everything—meant that she physically couldn't "keep it up"; and that vision almost drove out of her memory the affair of the runaway. All that she had been suppressing the last fortnight boiled over in incoherent words.

"Oh, I know it was awful manners, but I'm *not* sorry—I can't be! It has saved me—it has saved you! It has

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opened my eyes! *I can't keep it up*—nothing in the world is worth having to pretend all your life! I'm *not* helpless and dependent—I *hate* it! I'd rather do anything than pretend to be—even to please you. If you can't like me the way I am—if men are such——"

She was so excited that she did not know what she was saying. The man cut her short with, "In Heaven's name, what are you talking about?" The anger in his face was erased by a blankness that amounted to stupefaction. Before this entirely impersonal and stern visage Elizabeth was suddenly aware of the immense distance which separated them from the sentimental crisis of a few moments before. Her overstrained nerves gave way as never before in her life. She began to cry very violently, like a frightened child.

But even through her sobs she began bravely to explain. The big bay, tired and broken, had settled down to a sleepy walk before she had faltered through her miserable and endless story. She did not spare herself, she did not try to appeal to his pity, and she ended: "Oh, I've been horrible all through! I've deceived you with every word I've said till now. There isn't a thing I've pretended I couldn't do, and you've helped me with, that I can't do well—and like to, and *like* to!" Her last words were spoken defiantly, and she faced him with a flash of spirit in her unhappy eyes.

It was the first time she had looked at him since she began to talk, and her heart sank to see how white and severe he looked. "Good Heavens" he exclaimed as she paused, and after a moment, "Good *Heavens*!" It seemed to her that he was moved to an emotion she did not understand, as though her confession had had some singular effect on him quite different from what she imagined.

"Well, now, at least you know the worst of me!" she said desperately, to break the silence.

He roused himself from his stupor of amazement. "Yes, I know the worst of you," he said uncompromisingly; "but you don't begin to know the worst of me, nor what might have been the horrible worst of the whole thing. Lord Almighty!" he fell again into ejaculations, "Lord Almighty! What an escape we've had! It makes me sick to think of it! Look here—it's the last thing a man would usually tell a woman, and it's awfully discreditable to me—but you've been honest—we're striking bed rock—you ought to know. Just before the horse ran away—you remember, I had said——"

He hesitated, flushed and ashamed.

"Yes, I remember," the girl prompted him softly.

"Well, the only possible excuse I have is that I've been fighting with all my might to keep from falling in love with you—with the girl I thought you were." He drew a long breath and summoned all his resolution to go on. "Oh, you can't understand what a terror I've always had of losing my head over a brainless, pretty, childish, helpless girl, and having her hang like a millstone on me all my life. I've seen so much of that sort of inferno in the life of my friends. Well, I thought this time I had done it. I couldn't stop myself before I had said—*something*—but I—after I'd said that much, I felt it would mean life-long misery if I went on."

Elizabeth heard a loud roaring in her ears, and looked so blank that Paul hurried on to have the wretched thing over. "I was going to back out!" He brought it out finally with the honest bluntness of despair. "I was going to sneak out by the low, mean pretext that I hadn't really proposed. Can you ever respect a man who had meant to do such a thing?"

The girl spoke first. "You say you don't *like* that kind of a girl?"

What a Million Mothers Avoid

More than a million careful mothers have intuitively known the dangers of poisonous fly destroyers. They have known that such preparations contain arsenic in deadly quantities. They have realized the peril to little children that accompanies the use of fly poisons.

But for those who have not learned of these dangers, we quote from a recent issue of the Child Betterment Magazine, which comments upon 35 cases of children being poisoned last year:

"The danger to children is great, and the danger to adults is by no means inconsiderable."

In the December issue of the Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society, an editorial on the same subject cites 47 cases and goes on to state:

"Arsenical fly poisons are as dangerous as the phosphorous match. They should be abolished. There are as efficient and more sanitary ways of catching or killing flies. And fly poisons, if used at all, should not be used in homes where there are children, or where children visit."

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Mothers

On the inside back cover of the May issue of this magazine we told you of "GLAXO"—of its purity, its digestibility and the ease with which it is prepared for use.

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TORONTO

"Good Lord, no! No sane man does. What under the sun is there to *like* about having to prevent a woman from making a fool of herself every time she tries to do any——"

She flared up at him in an unreasonable anger. "Then, *why* in Heaven's name did you pretend you did?"

He answered quite simply: "Why, because that was the kind of girl you seeemed to be!"

Elizabeth cried out upon him: "But I was only trying to please *you*!"

For a moment neither of them took in the extreme significance of these confessions. Then, "Oh, my dear," cried the man, "don't you see what has happened? It means we've fallen in love with each other as never two people before, that we care for each other as we really are, not as we've seemed."

"How do we *know* what we really are, if we've done nothing but lie to each other?" asked the girl with an impatient self-scorn.

"As if it made any difference what people *do*! It's what they are—underneath."

"But you haven't any idea what I am, underneath." She appealed desperately to be contradicted.

"*Haven't* I!" he reassured her tenderly; and then: "Well, I mean to find out! I'll telegraph the office that I'm not going back to-morrow. I'm going to start my vacation—and everything else—all over again at the very beginning."

Thiefproof Bulbs

THE thiefproof electric lamp-bulb is here, called into existence because of the growing habit of replacing dead bulbs with those unscrewed from sockets in a neighboring office or room. No locks are used, the principle simply being that once screwed in a socket they cannot be taken out without smashing them. Once a bulb burns out it may as well be smashed; so there is no loss by this method, but only the inconvenience occasionally that the owner is unable to put in temporary bulbs of higher candle power.

The thief is completely foiled. A ratchet arrangement permits the screwing of the bulb into the socket, but prevents it from being unscrewed so long as the bulb is sound. To remove the bulb, the globe is broken; and a catch is then accessible, by means of which the ratchet may be released.

The New Maid—In my last place I always took things fairly easy.

Cook—Well, it's different here. They keep everything locked up.

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